

M O D E R N



P O E M S.

PRINTED BY ANDREW GILL



M O D E R N
P O E M S: ^K

238 a 37

SELECTED CHIEFLY

F R O M

M I S C E L L A N I E S

PUBLISHED LATELY.

G L A S G O W:

PRINTED BY ANDREW FOULIS.

†

M.DCC.LXXVI.

M O D E R N
P O E M S

SELECTED CHIEFLY



M I S C E L L A N E O U S

P R E S E N T E D L A T E L Y

G L A S G O W

PRINTED BY ANDREW FOLLIOT

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THE following is a selection of such fugitive poems printed very lately either separately or in miscellanies, as seemed deserving of a republication. It was not the design of the Editor to publish any original poem, or any that has a place in the collection by Doddsley, or that have been published in the works of any modern authors collected by themselves. To the two first conditions he has adhered invariably: and also to the last, in so far as he knows, except in two instances. He acknowledges that he has inadvertently published two poems that have been already collected by their respective authors. The poems are short: the mistake was observed too late to admit of alteration: and he acknowledges moreover, that it is a mistake which he would have corrected with reluctance.—Notwithstanding considerable pains taken in this selection, the Editor will not venture to affirm that any work to which he has given a place, is entirely faultless. He has studied however to please the taste of various readers: and he has been solicitous that every poem should have some particular merit, either of fancy, passion, sentiment, or humour, or of elegance in the structure and expression. The rule that he has himself observed, and by which he wishes to be tried, is well expressed by Horace:

—Ubi plura nitent in carmine non ego paucis
Offendar maculis—

ADVERTISEMENT

The following is a relation of such fugitive poems as have been lately either separately or in collections, as former deliveries of a republication. It was the design of the Editor to publish any original poem, or any that has a place in the collection by authority, or that have been published in the works of any modern authors collected by themselves. To the Editor's full confidence he has subjected himself; and he is to the last, in so far as he knows, except in two instances. He acknowledges that he has inadvertently included two poems that have been already collected by their respective authors. These poems are:—*The Poet's Address* and *The Poet's Address*. The former was omitted too late to be of any use; and the latter was omitted because it is a collection of the poems which he would have corrected with reluctance. In the former, the Editor will not venture to affirm that any work to which he has given a place, is entirely his own. He has thought however to place the title of various readers; and he has been obliged to state that some poems should have been particularly marked either as fancy, passion, sentiment, or humour, or as of various in the former and expression. The rest that he has himself observed, and by which he wishes to be aided, is well expressed by history.

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GENTLE RIVER, GENTLE RIVER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

FIRST PUBLISHED BY MR. PERCY.

GENTLE river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore,
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
All beside thy sands so bright,
Moorish Chiefs and Christian Warriors
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes
On thy fatal banks were slain :
Fatal banks that gave to slaughter
All the pride and flower of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonzo
Full of wounds and glory died :
There the fearless Urdiales
Fell a victim by his side.

A

†

2 MODERN POEMS.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
Thro' the squadrons flow retires;
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Cloſe behind a renegado
Loudly ſhouts with taunting cry;
Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra,
Doſt thou from the battle fly?

Well I know thee, haughty Chriſtian,
Long I liv'd beneath thy roof;
Oft I've in the liſts of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

Well I know thy aged parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know;
Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

May our prophet grant my wiſhes,
Haughty chief, thou ſhalt be mine:
Thou ſhalt drink that cup of ſorrow,
Which I drank when I was thine.

Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he ſends an angry glare:
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing thro' the air.

Back the hero full of fury
Sent a deep and mortal wound :
Instant sunk the Renegado,
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay :
Wearied out but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting great Alonzo
Stout resists the Paynim bands ;
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted
Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious prefs the hostile squadron,
Furious he repels their rage ;
Loss of blood at length ineffable :
Who can war with thousands wage !

Where yon rock the plain o'er shadows
Close beneath its foot retir'd,
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expir'd.

* * * * *

MODERN POEMS.

II.

ALCANZOR AND ZAIDA.

A MOORISH TALE.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH

FIRST PUBLISHED BY MR. PERCY.

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning every glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame so pure;
Loveliest she of moorish ladies;
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro;
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate teize him,
Oft he sighs with heart-felt care.—
See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly steps the timorous fair.

MODERN POEMS.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre,
To the lost benighted swain,
When all silvery bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory,
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When some horrid storm dispersing,
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing lover's sight
Steals half-seen the beauteous maiden
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
Whispering forth a gentle sigh:
Alla * keep thee, lovely lady;
Tell me, am I doom'd to die?

Is it true the dreadful story,
Which thy darts tell my page,
That seduc'd by fordid riches
Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age?

An old lord from Antiqueta
Thy stern father brings along;
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
Thus consent my love to wrong?
* Alla is the Mahometan name of God.

MODERN POEMS:

If 'tis true now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my woes;
Hide not then from me the secret,
Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
While the pearly tears descend:
Ah! my lord, too true the story;
Here our tender loves must end.

Our fond friendship is discover'd;
Well are known our mutual vows;
All my friends are full of fury;
Storms of passion shake the house.

Threats, reproaches, fears surround me;
My stern father breaks my heart;
Alla knows how dear it costs me,
Generous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hostile fury
Long have rent our house and thine;
Why then did thy shining merit
Win this tender heart of mine?

Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee
Spite of all their hateful pride,
Tho' I fear'd my haughty father
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

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Well thou know'st what cruel chidings
 Oft I've from my mother borne,
 What I've suffer'd here to meet thee
 Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may resist them;
 All, to force my hand combine;
 And to-morrow to thy rival
 This weak frame I must resign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
 Can survive so great a wrong;
 Well my breaking heart assures me
 That my woes will not be long.

Farewell then, my dear Alcanzor!
 Farewell too my life with thee!
 Take this scarf a parting token;
 When thou wear'st it think on me.

Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden
 Shall reward thy generous truth;
 Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
 Died for thee in prime of youth.

—To him all amaz'd, confounded,
 Thus she did her woes impart:
 Deep he sigh'd, then cry'd, O Zaida,
 Do not, do not break my heart.

Canst thou think I thus will lose thee?

Canst thou hold my love so small?

No! a thousand times I'll perish!—

My curst rival too shall fall.

Canst thou, wilt thou yield thus to them?

O break forth, and fly to me!

This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,

These fond arms shall shelter thee.

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,

Spies surround me, bars secure;

Scarce I steal this last dear moment,

While my damsel keeps the door.

Hark, I hear my father forming!

Hark, I hear my mother chide!

I must go: farewell for ever!

Gracious Al! be thy guide!

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MODERN POEMS.

III.

THE NUN.

AN ELEGY.

WITH each perfection dawning on her mind,
All beauty's treasure opening on her cheek,
Each flatt'ring hope subdued, each wish resign'd,
Does gay OPHELIA this lone mansion seek.

Say, gentle maid, what prompts thee to forsake
The paths, thy birth and fortune strew with flowers?
Through nature's kind endearing ties to break,
And waste in cloyster'd walls thy pensive hours?

Let sober thought restrain thine erring zeal,
That guides thy footsteps to the vestal gate,
Lest thy soft heart (this friendship bids reveal)
Like mine unblest should mourn like mine too late.

Does some angelic lonely-whisp'ring voice,
Some sacred impulse, or some dream divine,
Approve the dictates of thy early choice?—
Approach with confidence the awful shrine.

There kneeling at yon altar's marble base
(While streams of rapture from thine eye-lid steal,
And smiling heaven illumines thy soul with grace)
Pronounce the vow, thou never can'st repeal.

10 MODERN POEMS.

Yet if misled by false-entitled friends,
Who say—"That peace with all her comely train,
" From starry regions to this clime descends,
" Smooths every frown, and softens every pain :

" That vestals tread contentment's flowery lawn,
" Approv'd of Innocence, by health carest :
" That rob'd in colours bright, by fancy drawn,
" Celestial hope sits smiling at their breast."

Suspect their siren song and artful style,
Their pleasing sounds some treach'rous thought con-
Full oft does pride with fainted voice beguile,
And sordid int'rest wear the mask of zeal.

A tyrant-abbess here perchance may reign,
Who, fond of power, affects the imperial nod,
Looks down disdainful on her female train,
And rules the cloyster with an iron rod.

Reflection sickens at the life-long tie,
Back-glancing memory aets her busy part,
Its charms the world unfolds to fancy's eye,
And sheds allurements on the wishful heart.

Lo ! Discord enters at the sacred porch,
Rage in her frown, and terror on her crest :
Even at the hallowed lamp she lights her torch,
And holds it flaming to each virgin breast.

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But since the legends of monastic bliss
By fraud are fabled, and by youth believ'd,
Unbought experience learn from my distress,
Oh! mark my lot, and be no more deceiv'd.

Three lustres scarce with hasty wing were fled,
When I was torn from every weeping friend,
A thoughtless victim to the temple led,
And (blush ye parents) by a father's hand.

Yet then what solemn scenes deceiv'd my choice?
The pealing organ's animating sound,
The choral virgin's captivating voice,
The blazing altar, and the priests around:

The train of youths array'd in purest white,
Who scatter'd myrtles as I pass'd along;
The thousand lamps that pour'd a flood of light,
The kifs of peace from all the vestal throng:

The golden censers tofs'd with graceful hand,
Whose fragrant breath Arabian odor shed:
Of meek-eyed novices the circling band,
With blooming chaplets wove around their head.

—My willing soul was caught in rapture's flame,
While sacred ardor glow'd in every vein:
Methought applauding angels sung my name,
And heaven's unsullied glories gilt the fane.

'This temporary transport soon expir'd,
 My drooping heart confess'd a dreadful void :
 E'er since, alas! abandon'd, uninspir'd,
 I tread this dome to misery allied.

No wakening joy informs my sullen breast,
 Thro' opening skies no radiant seraph smiles,
 No saint descends to sooth my soul to rest,
 No dream of bliss the dreary night beguiles.

Here haggard discontent still haunts my view;
 The sombre genius reigns in every place,
 Arrays each virtue in the darkest hue,
 Chills every prayer, and cancels every grace.

I meet her ever in the cheerless cell,
 The gloomy grotto and unsocial wood :
 I hear her ever in the midnight bell,
 The hollow gale, and hoarse resounding flood.

This caus'd a mother's tender tears to flow,
 (The sad remembrance time shall ne'er erase)
 When having seal'd the irrevocable vow
 I hasten'd to receive her last embrace.

Full-well she then presag'd my wretched fate,
 The unhappy moments of each future day :
 When lock'd within this terror-shedding grate,
 My joy-deserted soul would pine away.

Yet ne'er did her maternal voice unfold
This cloyster'd scene in all its horror drest
Nor did she then my trembling steps withhold
When here I enter'd a reluctant guest.

Ah! could she view her only child betray'd,
And let submission o'er her love prevail?
The unfeeling priest why did she not upbraid?
Forbid the vow, and rend the hov'ring veil?

Alas! she might not—her relentless lord
Had seal'd her lips, and chid her streaming tear,
In anguish in her breast conceal'd its hoard,
And all the mother sunk in dumb despair.

But thou who own'st a father's sacred name,
What act impell'd thee to this ruthless deed?
What crime had forfeited my filial claim?
And given (oh blasting thought) thy heart to bleed?

When thine injur'd child deserve thy care,
Oh haste and bear her from this lonesome gloom!
In vain—no words can sooth his rigid ear:
And Gallia's laws have riveted my doom.

In cloister'd fair—ye censure-breathing saints,
Suppress your taunts, and learn at length to spare,
Ere 'mid these holy walls I vent my plaints,
And give to sorrow what is due to prayer.

I fled not to this mansion's deep recess,
To veil the blushes of a guilty shame,
The tenor of an ill-spent life redress,
And snatch from infamy a sinking name.

Yet let me to my fate submissive bow;
From fatal symptoms if I right conceive,
This stream OPHELIA has not long to flow,
This voice to murmur, and this breast to heave.

Ah! when extended on the untimely bier
To yonder vault this form shall be convey'd,
Thou'lt not refuse to shed one grateful tear,
And breathe the *requiem* to my fleeting shade.

With pious footstep join the sable train,
As thro' the lengthening ile they take their way:
A glimmering taper let thy hand sustain,
Thy soothing voice attune the funeral lay:

Behold the minister who lately gave
The sacred veil, in garb of mournful hue,
(More friendly office) bending o'er my grave,
And sprinkling my remains with hallow'd dew:

As o'er the corse he strews the rattling dust,
The sternest heart will raise compassion's sigh:
Even then no longer to his child unjust,
The tears may trickle from a *father's* eye.

IV.

THE
TEARS
OF
SCOTLAND.

BY DR. SMOLLETT.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

I

MOURN, hapless CALEDONIA, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn! ✓
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more,
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

II.

The wretched owner fees afar
His all become the prey of war;
He thinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:

Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

III.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Thro' the wide spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage, and rancour fell.

IV.

The rural pipe, and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains, but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

V.

Oh baneful cause, oh, fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons, against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!

VI.

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forfaken, wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread,
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.

VII.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns;
Resentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow,
Mourn, hapless CALEDONIA, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."

V.

O D E

T O

INDEPENDENCE.

BY THE SAME.

STROPHE.

THY spirit, INDEPENDENCE, let me share!—

Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal liberty, whose look sublime [clime
Hath bleached the tyrant's cheek in every varying
What time the iron-hearted Gaul
With frantic Superstition for his guide,
Armed with the dagger and the pail,
The sons of Woden to the field defy'd:
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In Heaven's name urged the infernal blow;
And red the stream began to flow:
The vanquished were baptized with blood! *

* *Baptized with blood—*] Charlemagne obliged for

MODERN POEMS

12

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
From altars stained with human gore;
And Liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Hull'd by the hoarse-responding main;
When a bold savage past that way,
Impelled by Destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd:
The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard;
And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast.
He stop'd: he gazed; his bosom glow'd,
And deeply felt the impression of her charms:
He seiz'd the advantage Fate allow'd;
And straight compressed her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

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y varying
The Curliou screamed; the Tritons blew
Their shells to celebrate the ravished rites;
Old Time exulted as he flew;
And Independence saw the light.
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renewed her warbled strains,

thousand Saxon prisoners to embrace the Christian
religion, and immediately after they were baptized
ordered their throats to be cut.—Their prince Viti-
and fled for shelter to Gotrick king of Denmark.

The auspicious fruit of stolen embrace was born—
 The mountain Dryads seized with joy,
 The smiling infant to their charge consign'd;
 The Doric muse caressed the favourite boy;
 The hermit Wisdom stored his opening mind,
 As rolling years matured his age,
 He flourished bold and sinewy as his fire;
 While the mild passions in his breast assuage
 The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplished thus, he winged his way,
 And zealous roved from pole to pole,
 The rolls of right eternal to display,
 And warm with patriot thoughts the aspiring soul.
 On desert isles * it was he that rais'd
 Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
 Where Tyranny beheld amaz'd
 Fair Freedom's temple, where he marked her grave.
 He steeld the blunt Batavian's arms
 To burst the Iberian's double chain; †

* *On desert isles—*] Although Venice was built a considerable time before the æra here assigned for the birth of Independence, the republic had not yet attained to any great degree of power and splendour.

† *To burst the Iberian's double chain.*] The Low Countries were not only oppressed by grievous taxes, but likewise threatened with the establishment of the inquisition, when the seven provinces revolted and shook off the yoke of Spain.

And cities reared, and planted farms,
 Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain;
 He, with the generous rustics, sate
 On Uri's rocks in close divan; *
 And winged that arrow sure as fate,
 Which ascertained the sacred rights of man.
 STROPHE.
 Arabia's scorching sands he crost, †
 Where blasted Nature pants supine,
 Conductor of her tribes adust;
 To Freedom's adamant shrine;
 And many a Tartar hord forlorn, aghast, ‡
 He snatched from under fell Oppression's wing;
 And taught amidst the dreary waste
 The all-cheering hymns of Liberty to sing.

* *On Uri's rocks*—] Alluding to the known story
 of William Tell and his associates, the fathers and
 founders of the confederacy of the Swiss Cantons.

† *Arabia's scorching sands*—] The Arabs rather
 than resign their independency, have often abandon-
 ed for their habitations, and encountered all the horrors
 of the desert.

‡ *And many a Tartar hord*—] From the tyranny of
 Genghis-Khan, Timur-Bec, and other eastern conque-
 rors, whole tribes of Tartars were used to fly into the
 remote wastes of Cathay, where no army could fol-
 low them.

He Virtue finds, like precious ore,
 Diffus'd through every baser mould,
 Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
 And turns the dross of Corsica to gold. *
 He, guardian genius, taught my youth
 Pomp's tinsel livery to despise :
 My lips by him chastised to truth,
 Ne'er payed that homage which the heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptured halls my feet shall never tread,
 Where varnished Vice and Vanity combin'd,
 To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread;
 And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
 Where Insolence his wrinkled front uprears;
 And all the flowers of spurious Fancy blow;
 And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
 Full often wreathed around the miscreant's brow :
 Where ever-dimpling Falshood pert and vain,
 Presents her cup of stale profession's froth ;
 And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,
 Torments the sons of Gluttony and Sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
 With either India's glittering spoils oppress :
 So moves the sumpter-mule, in harnessed pride,

* *And turns the dross of Corsica—*] The noble stand made by Paschal Paoli and his associates against the usurpation of the French King, must endear them to all the sons of liberty and independence.

That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
 Far him let venal bards disgrace the bay;
 And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
 Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay;
 And all her gingling bells fantastic Folly ring;
 Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread shall intervene;
 And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
 In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
 Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.

atics.

ead,

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts,
 By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,
 Where the poised lark his evening ditty chaunts,
 And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.
 There, Study shall with Solitude recline;
 And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains;
 And Toil and Temperance sedately twine
 The slender chord that fluttering Life sustains;
 And fearless Poverty shall guard the door;
 And Taste unspoiled the frugal table spread;
 And Industry supply the humble store;
 And Sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed:
 White-mantled Innocence, ethereal spright,
 Shall chace far off the goblins of the night;
 And Independence o'er the day preside,
 Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

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VI.

O D E

T O

L E V E N - W A T E R.

BY THE SAME.

ON LEVEN's banks, while free to rove,
 And tune the rural pipe to love;
 I envied not the happiest swain
 That ever trod the Arcadian plain.

Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
 My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
 No torrents stain thy limpid source;
 No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
 That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
 With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
 While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
 In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
 The springing trout in speckled pride;
 The salmon, monarch of the tide;
 The ruthless pike, intent on war;
 The silver eel, and motled par. †

† The par is a small fish, not unlike the smelt
 which it rivals in delicacy and flavour.

Revolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
In bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gayly green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry imbrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

VII.

PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE

BY MRS. GREVILLE.

OFT I've implor'd the gods in vain,
 And pray'd till I've been weary:
 For once I'll seek my wish to gain
 Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton spright,
 Who liv'st in woods unseen;
 And oft by Cynthia's silver light
 Trip'st gaily o'er the green;

If ere thy pitying heart was mov'd
 As ancient stories tell;
 And for the † Athenian maid who lov'd,
 Thou fought'st a wond'rous spell,

Oh! deign once more t'exert thy power!
 Haply some herb or tree,
 Sov'reign as juice from western flower, †
 Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return in love,
 No tempting charm to please;
 Far from the heart such gifts remove,
 That sighs for peace and ease!
 † See *Midsummer's night dream*.

For ease, nor peace, that heart can know,
 That, like the needle true,
 Turns at the touch of joy or woe;
 But, turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
 'Tis pain in each degree;
 'Tis bliss but to a certain bound—
 Beyond—is agony.

Then take this treach'rous sense of mine,
 Which dooms me still to smart:
 Which pleasure can to pain refine,
 To pain new pangs impart.

Oh! haste to shed thy sov'reign balm,
 My shatter'd nerves new-string;
 And for my guest, serenely calm,
 The nymph, Indifference, bring!

At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
 See Expectation fly;
 With Disappointment in the rear,
 That blasts the purpos'd joy.

The tears which Pity taught to flow,
 My eyes shall then disown;
 The heart that throb'd for others woe,
 Shall then scarce feel its own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
 Each moment then shall close;
 And tranquil days shall still succeed
 To nights of sweet repose.

Oh, fairy-elf! but grant me this,
 This one kind comfort fend;
 And so may never-fading bliss
 Thy flowery paths attend!

So may the glow-worm's glimm'ring light
 Thy tiny footsteps lead
 To some new region of delight,
 Unknown to mortal tread!

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
 With heaven's ambrosial dew,
 From sweetest, freshest flowers distill'd,
 Shedding their sweets for you!

VIII.

THE MAN OF SORROW.

BY MR. GREVILLE.

AH! what avails the lengthening mead,
By nature's kindest bounty spread
Along the vale of flowers!

Ah! what avails the darkening grove,
Or Philomel's melodious love,
That glads the midnight hours!

For me (alas!) the god of day
Ne'er glitters on the hawthorn spray,

Nor night her comfort brings:

I have no pleasure in the rose:

For me no vernal beauty blows,

Nor Philomela sings.

See, how the sturdy peasants stride,

Adown yon hillock's verdant side,

In chearful ignorance blest!

Alike to them the rose or thorn,

Alike arises every morn,

By gay contentment drest.

Content, fair daughter of the skies,

Or gives spontaneous, or denies,

Her choice divinely free,
 She visits oft the hamlet-cot,
 When want and sorrow are the lot
 Of avarice and me.

But see—or is it fancy's dream?
 Methought a bright celestial gleam

Shot sudden thro' the groves.
 Behold, behold, in loose array,
 Euphrosyne more bright than day,
 More mild than Paphian doves!

Welcome, oh! welcome, pleasure's queen,
 And see, along the velvet green,

The jocund train advance:
 With scatter'd flowers they fill the air,
 The wood-nymph's dew-bespangled hair
 Plays in the sportive dance.

Ah! baneful grant of angry heaven,
 When to the feeling wretch is given,

A soul alive to joy!
 Joys fly with every hour away,
 And leave the unguarded heart a prey
 To cares, that peace destroy.

And see, with visionary haste,
 (Too soon the gay delusion past)

Reality remains!

Despair has seiz'd my captive soul,
And horror drives without controul,
And slackens still the reins.

Ten thousand beauties round me throng,
What beauties, say, ye nymphs belong
To the distemper'd soul?

I see the lawn of hideous dye,
The towering elm nods misery,
With groans the waters roll:

Ye gilded roofs, Palladian domes,
Ye vivid tints of Persia's looms,
Ye were for misery made.—

'Twas thus the man of sorrow spoke,
His wayward step then pensive took,
Along th' unhallow'd shade.

IX.

T H E E N T A I L

A F A B L E.

BY THE HONOURABLE H. WALPOLE.

IN a fair summer's radiant morn
 A butterfly, divinely born,
 Whose lineage dated from the mud
 Of Noah's or Deucalion's flood,
 Long hov'ring round a perfum'd lawn,
 By various gusts of odours drawn,
 At last establish'd his repose
 On the rich bosom of a rose.
 The palace pleas'd the lordly guest:
 What insect own'd a prouder nest?
 The dewy leaves luxurious shed
 Their balmy odours o'er his head,
 And with their silken tapestry fold
 His limbs enthron'd on central gold.
 He thinks the thorns embattled round
 To guard his castle's lovely mound,
 And all the bush's wide domain
 Subservient to his fancied reign.

I L

E.

Such ample blessings swell'd the fly!
 Yet in his mind's capacious eye
 He roll'd the change of mortal things,
 The common fate of flies and kings.
 With grief he saw how lands and honours
 Are apt to slide to various owners;
 Where Mowbrays dwelt how grocers dwell,
 And how cits buy what barons sell.
 "Great Phoebus, patriarch of my line,
 "Avert such shame from sons of thine!
 "To them confirm these roofs," he said;
 And then he swore an oath so dread,
 The stoutest wasp that wears a sword,
 Had trembled to have heard the word!
 "If law can rivet down entails,
 "These manours ne'er shall pass to snails.
 "I swear"—and then he smote his ermine—
 "These towers were never built for vermin."
 A caterpillar grovel'd near,
 A subtle slow conveyancer,
 Who summon'd waddles with his quill
 To draw the haughty insect's will.
 None but his heirs must own the spot,
 Begotten, or to be begot:
 Each leaf he binds, each bud he ties
 To eggs of eggs of butterflies.
 When lo! how fortune loves to tease
 Those who would dictate her decrees!
 A wanton boy was passing by;
 The wanton child beheld the fly,

And eager ran to seize the prey ;
 But too impetuous in his play,
 Crush'd the proud tenant of an hour,
 And swept away the mansion-flower.

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X.

ODE TO THE ATHEIST,

BY MR. SHEPHERD.

IMPATIATE long in nice debate,
 On chance, necessity, and fate;
 With learn'd Lucretius stray
 In Epicurus' magic grove,
 Where the self-motioned atoms rove
 In mazy mystic play.
 Some vain hypothesis admit,
 The specious cobweb-work of wit;
 And daringly deny
 What every object round avows,
 What every act of reason shews,
 An all-wise Deity.
 The clearest evidence contest,
 Divinely stamped on every breast,
 Since time was taught to roll;
 In error's gloomy coverts stray,
 From truth's indisputable ray
 Remote, as pole from pole.

So shuts the moping bird of night
 Her feeble eyes against the light,
 That glads the chearful day;
 And when prevailing darkness reigns,
 Thro' groves obscene, or dreary plains
 She wings her dubious way.

Consult the blue expanse on high,
 The blush that paints the morning sky,
 The cloud that nimbly rides,
 The orbs that mark with lustre bright
 The spangled mantle of the night,
 Who there supreme resides.

Question the gaudy flowers around,
 That scent the air, or paint the ground,
 Whose influence they obey;
 Whose hand imparts the various dyes,
 At whose command they bud and rise,
 At whose command decay.

Say ye on down, or mountain steep,
 That stately tread, or lowly creep,
 And ye aerial throng;
 That cheer the woodland scene and fields
 With vocal strains; whose bounty yields,
 Or sustenance or song.

Who, in the ocean's waste domain,
 The tenants of the watry plain

With liberal hand supplies?
The floods in icy fetters binds,
Smooths the rough surge, and lulls the winds,
Or bids the tempest rise?

Nature in every mystic scene
Declares a plastic author's reign:

Above the morning's wings,
Beyond the seas remotest tides;
Beneath the daedal earth resides

The almighty King of Kings.

XI.

LIFE: AN ODE.

BY DR. HAWKESWORTH,

LIFE, the dear precarious boon,
 Soon we lose; alas! how soon;
 Fleeting vision, falsely gay,
 Grasped in vain, it flies away;
 Lovely vision, how it fades,
 Mixing with surrounding shades.

Let the Muse in Fancy's glass
 Catch the phantoms as they pass.
 See, they rise! A nymph behold,
 Careless, wanton, young and bold;
 Mark her devious, hasty pace,
 Antic dress, and thoughtless face,
 Smiling cheeks, and roving eyes,
 Causeless mirth and vain surprise.

Tripping at her side, a boy
 Shares her wonder and her joy;
 This is Folly, Childhood's guide,
 That is Childhood at her side.

What is he succeeding now,
 Myrtles blooming on his brow,
 Bright and blushing as the morn,
 Not on earth a mortal born,

E.

Wing'd the flying to pursue,
Arm'd to pierce the strong in view?
Victim of his power, behind
Walks a slave of human kind,
Whose disdain of all the free
Speaks the mind's captivity.
Love's the tyrant, Youth's the slave;
Youth in vain is wise or brave;
Love with conscious pride defies
All the brave and all the wise.

Who art thou with anxious mien,
Peeking o'er the shifting scene?
Eyes with tedious vigils red,
Fought by doubts and wishes bred,
Cautious step and glancing leer,
Speak thy woes, and speak thy fear;
Arm in arm, what wretch is he,
Like thyself who walks with thee;
Like thy own his fears and woes,
All thy pangs his bosom knows:
Well, too well! my boding breast
Knows the thoughts your looks suggest,
Anxious, busy, restless pair,
Manhood link'd by Fate to Care.

Wretched state! and yet 'tis dear.
Fancy, close the prospect here:
Close it, or recal the past,
Dear are my eyes, my heart the last.
Vain the wish, the last appears,
While I gaze, it swims in tears.

Age, my future self, I trace,
Moving slow with feeble pace ;
Bending with disease and cares,
All the load of life he bears.

White his locks, his visage wan,
Strength, and ease, and hope, are gone.
Death, the shadowy form I know,
Death o'ertakes, the dreadful foe ;
Swift they vanish, mournful sight !
Night succeeds, impervious night !
What these dreadful glooms conceal,
Fancy's glass can ne'er reveal.
When shall Time the veil remove ?
When shall light the scene improve ?
When shall Truth my doubts dispel ?
Awful period ! who can tell ?

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XII.

AN EVENING ADDRESS

TO A

NIGHTINGALE.

BY MR. SHAW.

SWEET bird! that kindly perching near,
 Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
 Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
 The melancholy haunts of Woe,
 Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain:—
 For surely, thou hast known to prove,
 Like me, the pangs of hapless love,
 Else why so feelingly complain,
 And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the grove?
 Why, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,
 That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?
 Who has the cruel hand of Fate
 Bereft thee of thy darling young?
 Alas, for BOTH, I weep——
 For all the pride of youthful charms,
 A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms!
 A lovely babe that should have liv'd to bless,
 And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,
 At once the source of rapture and distress,
 The flattering prop of my declining years!

In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,
 By every art that Science could devise,
 Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,
 And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies—
 Then O our comforts be the same,
 At evening's peaceful hour,
 To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,
 And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bower

But why alas! to thee complain!
 To thee—unconscious of my pain!
 Soon shalt thou cease to mourn thy lot severe,
 And hail the dawning of a happier year:
 The genial warmth of joy-renewing spring
 Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing;
 Again thy little heart shall transport prove,
 Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy love
 But O for me in vain may seasons roll,
 Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears,
 Deploring still the comfort of my soul,
 I count my sorrows by encreasing years.

Tell me, thou Syren Hope, deceiver, say,
 Where is the promis'd period of my woes?
 Full three long, lingering years have roll'd away,
 And yet I weep, a stranger to repose:
 O what delusion did thy tongue employ!
 "That EMMA's fatal pledge of love,
 "Her last bequest—with all a mother's care,
 "The bitterness of sorrow should remove,

" Soften the horrors of despair,

" And cheer a heart long lost to joy!"

How oft, when fondling in mine arms,

Gazing enraptur'd on its angel-face,

My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,

And burn with all a father's fond alarms!

And O what flattering scenes had Fancy feign'd,

How did I rave of blessings yet in store!

Till every aching sense was sweetly pain'd,

And my full heart could bear, nor tongue could
utter more.—

Just Heaven," I cry'd—" with recent hopes elate,

" Yet I will live—will live, tho' EMMA's dead—

So long bow'd down beneath the storms of Fate,

" Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head!

My little EMMA, now my ALL,

" Will want a father's care,

Her looks, her wants my rash resolves recal,

" And for her sake the ills of life I'll bear:

And oft together we'll complain,

" Complaint, the only bliss my soul can know,

From me, my child shall learn the mournful strain,

" And prattle tales of woe;

" And O in that auspicious hour,

" When Fate resigns her persecuting power,

With duteous zeal her hand shall close,

" No more to weep—my sorrow-streaming eyes,

When death gives misery repose,

" And opes a glorious passage to the skies.

Vain thought! it must not be—She too is dead—

The flattering scene is o'er—

My hopes for ever—ever fled—

And vengeance can no more—

Crush'd by misfortune—blasted by disease—

And none—none left to bear a friendly part
To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,

Or sooth the anguish of an aching heart!

Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome death,

With lenient hand (O falsely deem'd severe)
Shall kindly stop my grief exhausted breath,

And dry up every tear:

Perhaps, obsequious to my will,

But ah! from my affections far remov'd!

The last sad office strangers may fulfil,

As if I ne'er had been belov'd;

As if, unconscious of poetic fire,

I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre;

As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,

Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet——while this weary life shall last,

While yet my tongue can form the impassion'd strain
In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,

And dwell with fond delay on blessings past:

For O how grateful to a wounded heart,

The tale of misery to impart!

From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,

And raise esteem upon the base of woe!

dead—

When HE †, the noblest of the tuneful throng,
 Shall deign my love lorn tale to hear,
 All catch the soft contagion of my song,
 And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear.

part!

† Lord Lyttleton.

THE HERMIT.

BY DR. BEATTIE.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove;
 'Twas then, by the cave of a mountain, reclin'd,
 An Hermit his nightly complaint thus began,
 Tho' mournful his voice, his heart was resign'd,
 He thought as a sage, but he felt as a man.

- " Ah, why thus abandon'd to mourning and woe,
 " Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain?
 " For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 " And thy bosom no trace of dejection retain;
 " Yet if pity inspire thee, ah, cease not thy lay,
 " Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to
 mourn,
 " O soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass away,
 " Full swiftly they pass, but they never return.
 " Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
 " The moon, half extinct, her wan crescent dis-
 plays:
 " Yet lately I saw, where majestic on high,

MODERN POEMS.

47

" She shone, and the stars were conceal'd in her
rays;

" Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
" The path that conducts thee to splendor again;
" But man's faded glory no change shall renew,
" Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain.

" 'Tis dark, and the landscape is lovely no more,
" I mourn not, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
" For morn shall return, all your charms to restore,
" Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering
with dew:
" Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn,
" Kind Nature the embryo blossoms shall save;
" But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn?
" Oh, when shall it dawn on the gloom of the
grave?"

XIV.

RETIREMENT.

BY THE SAME.

Shook from the evening's fragrant wings,

When dew's impearl the grove,

And round the list'ning valley rings

The languid voice of love;

Laid on a daisy sprinkled green,

Beside a plaintive stream,

A meek ey'd youth of serious mien

Indulg'd this solemn theme.

Ye cliffs in savage grandeur pil'd

High o'er the darkening dale!

Ye groves! along whose windings wild

Soft steals the murmuring gale!

Where oft lone melancholy strays,

By wilder'd fancy led,

What time the wan moon's yellow rays,

Stream through the chequer'd shade:

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms

Ne'er drew ambition's eye,

Scap'd the tumultuous world's alarms,

To your retreats I fly.

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Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me at last recline,
Where SOLITUDE, meek modest power,
Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

How shall I woo thee, matchless fair!
Thy envy'd smile how win!
Thy smile, that smooths the brow of care,
And stills each storm within!
Oh! wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thy ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene on silent wing!

There, while to thee glad nature pours
Her gently-warbling song,
And Zephyr from the waste of flowers
Wafts sweet perfume along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from grandeur's gilded car
Flash on thy startl'd eye.

For me, no more the path invites,
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb life's panting heights,
By guileful hope misled;
Heaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To joy's enlivening lays—
Soon are the glittering moments o'er,
Soon each gay form decays.

XV.

CHARGE OF A BISHOP TO THE
CLERGY OF HIS DIOCESE.

BRETHREN, by this my mind you'll know,

Learn to pronounce your sermons *slow*;

Give every word of a discourse

Its proper time, and life, and force;

And urge, what you think fit to say,

In a sedate, pathetic way,

Grave, and *deliberate*; as 'tis fit

To comment upon Holy Writ!

Many a sermon gives distaste,

By being spoke in too much *haste*;

Which, had it been pronounc'd with *leisure*,

Would have been listen'd to with pleasure;

And thus the preacher often gains

His labour only for his pains;

As, if you doubt it, may appear

From every Sunday in the year!

For how, indeed, can one expect

The best discourse should take effect,

Unless the *maker* thinks it worth

Some needful care to set it forth?

What! does he think the pains he took

To write it fairly in a book

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Will do his bus'ness? Not a bit!
It must be *spoke* as well as writ;
For what's a sermon, good or bad,
If you shall read it like a lad?

THE
E.
To hear some people, when they preach,
How they *run o'er* all parts of speech,
And neither *raise* a word nor, *sink*;
Our learned Bishops, one would think,
Had taken school-boys from the rod
To be ambassadors of God!

So perfect is the Christian scheme,
He, who from thence does take his theme,
And time to have it understood,
His sermon cannot but be good.

If he will needs be preaching stuff,
No time, indeed, is *short* enough;
E'en let him read it like a letter,
The sooner it is done, the better.

Yet,—for a man who has a head,
Of whom it may, with truth, be said
That, on occasion, he can raise,
A just remark, a proper phrase,

—For such an one to *run along*,
Tumbling his accents o'er his tongue,
Shews only, that a man, at once
May be scholar and a dunce.

In point of sermons, 'tis confess
Our English clergy make the best;
But this appears, we must confess,
Not from the pulpit, but the press.

They manage with disjointed skill
 The matter well, the manner ill;
 And, what seems paradox at first,
 They make the best, and preach the worst.
 Would men but *peak*, as well as write,
 Both faculties would then unite!
 The *outward* action being taught
 To shew the *inward* strength of thought.
 Now—to do this, our short-hand school
 Lays down this plain and general rule,
 “TAKE TIME ENOUGH; all other graces
 “Will soon fill up their proper places.”

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XVI.

D U N C A N.

A FRAGMENT.

Saw ye the Thane o'meikle pride,
 Red anger in his eye ?
 I saw him not, nor care, he cry'd;
 Red anger frights na' me.

For I have stuid whar Honour bade,
 Tho' Death trod on his heel:
 Mean is the crest that sloops to fear;
 Nae sic may Duncan feel.

Hark ! Hark ! or was it but the wind
 That thro' the ha' did sing ?
 Hark ! Hark ! agen : A warlike shout
 The black woods round do ring.

'Tis na' for nought, bald Duncan cry'd,
 Sic shouting's on the wind :
 Syne up he started frae his seat,
 A thrang o' spears behind.

Haste, haste, my valiant hearts, he said,
 Anes mair to fallow me;
 We'll meet yon shouters by the burn;
 I guess wha they may be.

But wha is he that speeds sae fast,
 Frae the slaw-marching thrang?
 Sae frae the mirk cloud shoots a beam,
 The sky's blue face alang.

Some messenger it is, mayhap;
 Then not of peace, I trow:
 " My master, Duncan, bade me rin,
 " And say these words to you.

" Restore agen that bluming rose,
 " Your rude hand pluckt awa' :
 " Restore agen his Mary fair,
 " Or you shall rue the fa'."

Three strides the gallant Duncan tuik,
 And shuik his forward spear:
 " Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,
 " We are na' wont to fear.

" He comes na' on a wassel rout
 " Of revel, sport, and play;
 " Our swords gart Fame proclaim us men,
 " Lang ere this ruefu' day.

" The rose I pluckt, of right is mine;
 " Our hearts together grew,
 " Like twa sweet roses on ae sta'k :
 " Frae hate to love she flew."

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Sae swift

Upon

Swift as a winged shaft he sped :

“ Bald Duncan said, in jeer,

“ Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,

“ We are na’ wont to fear.

“ He comes na’ on a wassel rout,

“ Of revel, sport, and play ;

“ Our swords gart Fame proclaim us men

“ Lang ere this ruefu’ day.

“ The rose I pluckt, of right is mine ;

“ Our hearts together grew,

“ Like twa sweet roses on ae sta’k :

“ Frae hate to love she flew.”

He stampt his foot upo’ the ground,

And thus in wrath did say :

“ God strik my faul if frae this field

“ We baith in life shall gae.”

He wav’d his hand ; the pipes they play’d,

The targets clatter’d round,

And now between the meeting faces

Was little space of ground.

But wha is she that rins sae fast ?

Her feet nae stap they find,

Sae swiftly rides the milky cloud

Upon the simmer’s wind.

Her face, a mantle screen'd afore,

She show'd of lily hue :

Sae frae the gray mist breaks the sun

To drink the morning-dew.

" Alake, my friends! what sight is this ?

" Oh, stap your rage," she cry'd :

" Whar love with honey'd lip should be,

" Mak not a breach sae wide.

" Can then my uncle draw his sword,

" My husband's breast to bleid ?

" Or can my sweet lord do to him

" Sic foul and ruthless deid ?

" Bethink ye, uncle, of the time

" My gray-hair'd father died :

" Frae whar your shrill horn shuik the wood

" He sent for you wi' speed :

" My brother, guard my bairn, he said ;

" She has nae father soon :

" Regard her, Donald, as your ain :

" I'll ask nae ither boon.

" Would then my uncle force my love,

" Whar love it cou'd na' be,

" Or wed me to the man I hate ?

" Was this his care of me ?

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" Can these brave men, who but of late,
" Together chas'd the deer,
" Against their comrades bend their bows,
" In bluidy hunting here ?"

She spake, while trickling ran the tears
Her blushing cheek along :
And silence, like a heavy cloud,
O'er a' the warriors hang.

Sync stapt the red-hair'd Malcom furth,
Threescore his years and three ;
Yet a' the strength of strongest youth
In sic an eild had he.

Nae pity was there in his breast ;
For war alane he lo'ed ;
His gray een sparkled at the sight
Of plunder, death, and bluid.

" What ! shall our hearts of steel," he said,
" Bend to a woman's fang ?
" Or can her words our honour quit
" For sic dishonest wrang ?

" For this did a' these warriors come,
" To hear an idle tale ;
" And o'er our death-accustom'd arms
" Shall silly tears prevail ?"

They gied a shout, their bows they tuik,
 They clash'd their steely swords,
 Like the loud waves of Bara's shore :
 There was nae room for words.

A cry the weeping Mary gied :
 " O uncle ! hear my prayer :
 " Heed na' that man of bluidy look"—
 She had nae time for mair.

For in the midst anon there came
 A blind, unweeting dart,
 That glanc'd frae aff her Duncan's targe,
 And strack her to the heart.

A while she stagger'd, syne she fell,
 And Duncan see'd her fa' :
 Astound he stood ; for in his limbs
 There was nae power at a'.

The spear he meant at faes to fling,
 Stood fix'd within his hand :
 His lips, half open, cou'd na' speak :
 His life was at a stand.

Sae the black stump of some auld aik,
 With arms in triumph dight,
 Seems to the traveller like a man,

Caetera defunt.

XVII.

TO A VALADY,

WITH A PAIR OF GLOVES, ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

PRIMFUL of anger, not of love,
 The champion sends his foe one glove;
 But I, who have a double share
 Of softer passion, send a pair.
 Nor think it, dearest Celia, cruel
 That I invite you to a duel;
 Ready to meet you face to face,
 At any time, in any place;
 Nor will I leave you in the lurch,
 Tho' you should dare to name the church;
 There come equipp'd with all your charms,
 The ring and licence are my arms;
 With these I mean your power to try,
 And meet my charmer tho' I die.

XVIII.

THE RECANTATION.

AN ODE.

By Love too long depriv'd of rest,
 (Fell tyrant of the human breast!)
 His vassal long, and worn with pain,
 Indignant late I spurn'd the chain;
 In verse, in prose, I sung and swore
 No charms should e'er enslave me more,
 Nor neck, nor hair, nor lip, nor eye,
 Again should force one tender sigh.

As, taught by Heaven's informing power,
 From every fruit and every flower,
 That nature opens to the view,
 The bee extracts the nectar-dew;
 A vagrant thus, and free to change,
 From fair to fair I vow'd to range,
 And part from each without regret
 As pleas'd and happy as I met.

Then Freedom's praise inspir'd my tongue,
 With Freedom's praise the vallies rung,
 And every night and every day
 My heart thus pour'd th' enraptur'd lay;

My cares are gone, my sorrows cease,
My breast regains its wonted peace,
And joy and hope returning prove,
That Reason is too strong for Love."

Such was my boast—but, ah! how vain!
How short was Reason's vaunted reign!
The firm resolve I form'd ere-while,
How weak, oppos'd to Clara's smile!
Chang'd is the strain—The vallies round
With Freedom's praise no more resound,
But every night and every day
My full heart pour'd the alter'd lay.

Offended deity, whose power
My rebel tongue but now forswore,
Accept my penitence sincere,
My crime forgive, and grant my prayer!
Let not thy slave, condemn'd to mourn,
With unrequited passion burn;
With Love's soft thoughts her breast inspire,
And kindle there an equal fire!

It is not beauty's gaudy flower,
The empty triumph of an hour)
Nor practis'd wiles of female art,
That now subdue my destin'd heart:
O no!—'Tis Heaven, whose wondrous hand
A transcript of itself hath plann'd,

And to each outward grace hath join'd
Each lovelier feature of the mind.

These charms shall last, when others fly,
When roses fade, and lillies die;
When that dear eye's declining beam
Its living fire no more shall stream:
Blest then, and happy in my chain,
The song of Freedom flows in vain;
Nor Reason's harsh reproof I fear,
For Reason's self is Passion here.

O dearer far than wealth or fame,
My daily thought, my nightly dream,
If yet no youth's successful art
(Sweet Hope) hath touch'd thy gentle heart,
If yet no swain hath blest thy choice,
Indulgent hear thy Damon's voice;
From doubts, from fears his bosom free,
And bid him live—for Love and Thee!

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XIX.

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ON THE

APPROACH OF SUMMER.

HENCE, iron-scepter'd WINTER, haste
 To bleak Siberian waste !
 Haste to thy polar solitude ;
 Mid cataracts of ice,
 Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments rude,
 From many an airy precipice,
 Where, ever beat by sleety showers,
 Thy gloomy Gothic castle towers ;
 Amid whose howling iles and halls,
 Where no gay sunbeam paints the walls,
 On ebon throne thou lov'st to shroud,
 Thy brows in many a murky cloud.

Even now, before the vernal heat,
 Sullen I see thy train retreat :
 Thy ruthless host stern EURUS guides,
 That on a ravenous tiger rides,
 Dim-figur'd on whose robe are shewn
 Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown :
 Grim AUSTER, dropping all with dew,
 In mantle clad of watchet hue :

And cold, like Zemblan savage seen,
Still threatening with his arrows keen;
And next, in furry coat embost
With icicles, his brother FROST.

WINTER farewell! thy forests hoar,
Thy frozen floods delight no more;
Farewel the fields, so bare and wild!
But come thou rose-cheek'd cherub mild,
Sweetest SUMMER! haste thee here,
Once more to crown the gladden'd year.

Thee APRIL blythe, as long of yore,
Bermudas' lawns he frolick'd o'er,
With muskie nectar-trickling wings,
(In the new world's first dawning spring.)
To gather balm of choicest dews,
And patterns fair of various hues,
With which to paint in changeful dye,
The youthful earth's embroidery;
To cull the essence of rich smells
In which to dip his new-born bells;
Thee, as he skim'd with pinions fleet,
He found an infant, smiling sweet;
Where a tall citron's shade imbrown'd
The soft lap of the fragrant ground.
There on an aramanthine bed,
Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed;
Till soon beneath his forming care,
You bloom'd a goddess debonnaire;
And then he gave the blessed isle
Aye to be sway'd beneath thy smile:

There plac'd thy green and grassy shrine,
 With myrtle bower'd and jessamine;
 And to thy care the task assign'd
 With quickening hand, and nurture kind,
 His roseate infant-births to rear,
 Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.

Haste thee nymph! and hand in hand,
 With thee lead a buxom band;
 Bring fantastic-footed Joy,
 With Sport that yellow-tressed boy.
 Leisure, that through the balmy sky,
 Chafes a crimson butterfly.
 Bring Health that loves in early dawn
 To meet the milk-maid on the lawn;
 Bring Pleasure, rural nymph, and Peace,
 Meek, cottage-loving shepherds!
 And that sweet stripling, Zephyr, bring,
 Light, and for ever on the wing.
 Bring the dear Muse, that loves to lean
 On river-margins, mossy-green.
 But who is she, that bears thy train,
 Pacing light the velvet plain?
 The pale pink binds her auburn hair,
 Her tresses flow with pastoral air;
 'Tis May the Grace—confest she stands
 By branch of hawthorn in her hands:
 Lo! near her trip the lightsome Dews,
 Their wings all ting'd in iris-hues;
 With whom the powers of Flora play,
 And paint with pansies all the way.

Oft when thy season, sweetest Queen,
 Has drest the groves in liv'ry green;
 When in each fair and fertile field
 Beauty begins her bower to build;
 While Evening, veil'd in shadows brown,
 Puts her matron-mantle on,
 And mists in spreading steams convey
 More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay;
 Then, Goddess, guide my pilgrim feet
 Contemplation hear to meet,
 As slow he winds in museful mood,
 Near the rush'd marge of CHERWELL'S flood;
 Or o'er old AVON'S magic edge,
 Whence Shakespear cull'd the spiky sedge,
 All playful yet, in years unripe,
 To frame a shrill and simple pipe.
 There thro' the dusk but dimly seen,
 Sweet evening objects intervene:
 His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,
 Beneath her elm the milk-maid chaunts.
 The woodman, speeding home, awhile
 Rests him at a shady stile.
 Nor wants there fragrance to dispense
 Refreshment o'er my soothed sense;
 Nor tangled woodbines balmy bloom,
 Nor grass besprent, to breathe perfume:
 Nor lurking wild-thyme's spicy sweet
 To bathe in dew my roving feet:
 Nor wants there note of Philomel,
 Nor sound of distant-tinkling bell:

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Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
 Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cott :
 Rustle the breezes lightly borne
 Or deep-embattel'd ears of corn :
 Round ancient elm, with humming noise,
 Full loud the chaffer-swarms rejoice.
 Meantime, a thousand dyes invest
 The ruby chambers of the West !
 That all aslant the village tower
 A mild reflected radiance pour,
 While, with the level-streaming rays
 Far seen its arched windows blaze :
 And the tall grove's green top is dight
 In russet tints, and gleams of light :
 So that the gay scene by degrees
 Bathes my blythe heart in extasies ;
 And Fancy to my ravish'd sight
 Pourtrays her kindred visions bright.
 At length the parting light subdues
 My soften'd soul to calmer views,
 And fainter shapes of pensive joy,
 As twilight dawns, my mind employ :
 Till from the path I fondly stray
 In musings lapt, nor heed the way ;
 Wandering thro' the landscape still,
 Till Melancholy has her fill ;
 And on each moss-wove border damp,
 The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.
 But when the Sun, at noon-tide hour,
 Sits throned in his highest tower ;

Me, heart-rejoicing Goddess, lead
 To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead :
 To mix in rural mood among
 The nymphs and swains, a busy throng ;
 Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
 The russet piles to lean beneath :
 There as my listless limbs are thrown,
 On couch more soft than palace down ;
 I listen to the busy sound
 Of mirth and toil that hums around ;
 And see the team shrill-tinkling pass,
 Alternate o'er the furrow'd grafs.

But ever, after summer-shower,
 When the bright sun's returning power,
 With laughing beam has chas'd the storm,
 And chear'd reviving nature's form ;
 By sweet-brier hedges, bath'd in dew,
 Let me my wholesome path pursue ;
 There issuing forth the frequent snail
 Wears the dank way with slimy trail ;
 While as I walk, from pearled bush,
 The sunny-sparkling drop I brush ;
 And all the landscape fair I view
 Glad in robe of fresher hue :
 And so loud the black-bird sings,
 That far and near the valley rings.
 From shelter deep of shaggy rock
 The shepherd drives his joyful flock ;

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From bowering beech the mower blythe
With new-born vigour grasps the scythe;
While o'er the smooth unbounded meads
His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

But ever against restless heat,
Bear me to the rock-arch'd seat,
O'er whose dim mouth an ivy'd oak
Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock;
Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,
Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone;
Which, as they gush upon the ground,
Still scatter misty dew around:
A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,
Its sides with mantling woodbines wove;
Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,
Where Helicon's fresh fountain wells;
Or noon-tide grot where Sylvan sleeps
In hoar Lycaeum's piny steep.

Me, Goddess, in such cavern lay,
While all without is scorch'd in day;
Sore sighs the weary swain, beneath
His withering hawthorn on the heath;
The drooping hedger wishes eve,
In vain, of labour short reprieve!
Meantime, on Afric's glowing sands
Smote with keen heat, the trav'ler stands:
Low sinks his heart, while round his eye
Measures the scenes that boundless lie,

Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
 Where Thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.
 How does he wish some cooling wave
 To slake his lips, or limbs to lave!
 And thinks, in every whisper low,
 He hears a bursting fountain flow.

Or bear me to yon antique wood,
 Dim temple of sage Solitude!
 There within a nook most dark,
 Where none my musing mood may mark;
 Let me in many a whisper'd rite
 The Genius old of Greece invite,
 With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
 Which for his chosen imps he twin'd,
 Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,
 On clear Illissus' laureat shore.—
 Till high on waving nest reclin'd,
 The raven wakes my tranced mind!

Or to the forest-fringed vale
 Where widow'd turtles love to wail,
 Where cowslips clad in mantle meek,
 Nod their tall heads to breezes weak:
 In the midst, with sedges grey
 Crown'd, a scant riv'let winds its way,
 And trembling thro' the weedy wreaths,
 Around an oozy freshness breathes.
 O'er the solitary green,
 Nor cott, nor loitering hind is seen:
 Nor aught alarms the mute repose,
 Save that by fits an heifer lows:

A scene might tempt some peaceful sage
To rear him a long hermitage;
Fit place his pensive eld might chuse
On virtue's holy lore to muse.

Yet still the sultry noon t' appease
Some more romantic scene might please;
Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,
By Spenser's lavish pencil drawn:
Or bower in Vallambrosa's shade,
By legendary pens pourtray'd.
Haste, let me shroud from painful light,
On that hoar hill's aerial height,
In solemn state, where waving wide,
Thick pines with darkening umbrage hide,
The rugged vaults, and riven towers
Of that proud Castle's painted bowers,
Whence **HARDYKNUTE**, a baron bold,
In Scotland's martial days of old,
Descended from the stately feast,
Begirt with many a warrior guest,
To quell the pride of Norway's king,
With quiv'ring lance and twanging string.
As thro' the caverns dim I wind,
Might I that holy legend find,
By fairies spelt in mystic rhimes,
To teach enquiring later times,
What open force, or secret guile,
Dash'd into dust the solemn pile!

But when mild **Morn** in saffron stole
First issues from her eastern goal;

Let not my due feet fail to climb
 Some breezy summit's brow sublime,
 Whence nature's universal face,
 Illumin'd smiles with new-born grace;
 The misty streams that wind below,
 With silver-sparkling lustre glow;
 The groves, and castled cliffs appear
 Invested all in radiance clear.

O! every village-charm beneath!
 The smoke that mounts in azure wreath!
 O beauteous rural interchange!
 The simple spire, and elmy grange!
 CONTENT, indulging blissful hours,
 Whistles o'er the fragrant flowers,
 And cattle rous'd to pasture new,
 Shake jocund from their sides the dew.

'Tis thou, alone, O SUMMER mild,
 Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild:
 Whene'er I view thy genial scenes:
 Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens;
 What fires within my bosom wake,
 How glows my mind the reed to take!
 What charms like thine the muse can call,
 With whom 'tis youth and laughter all;
 With whom each field's a paradise,
 And all the globe a Bower of bliss!
 With thee conversing, all the day,
 I meditate my lightsome lay.
 These pedant cloisters let me leave,
 To breathe my votive song at eve,

In valleys where mild whispers use;
Of shade and stream to court the muse,
While wand'ring o'er the brook's dim verge,
I hear the stock-dove's dying dirge.

But when life's busier scene is o'er,
And Age shall give the tresses hoar,
I'd fly soft Luxury's marble dome,
And make an humble thatch my home,
Which sloping hills around enclose,
Where many a beech and brown oak grows;
Beneath whose dark and branching bowers
Its tides a far-fam'd river pours :
By nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tusculane of rural ease!
Still grot of Peace! in lowly shed
Who loves to rest her gentle head.
For not the scenes of Attic art
Can comfort care, or sooth the heart:
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
For gold, and Tyrian purple fly.

Thither, kind heaven, in pity lent,
Send me a little, and content;
The faithful friend, and chearful night,
The social scene of dear delight :
The conscience pure, the temper gay,
The musing eve, and idle day.
Give me beneath cool shades to sit,
Rapt with the charms of classic wit;
To catch the bold heroic flame,
That built immortal Graecia's fame.

Nor let me fail, meantime, to raise
 The solemn song to Britain's praise :
 To spurn the shepherd's simple reeds,
 And paint heroic ancient deeds :
 To chaunt fam'd ARTHUR's magic tale,
 And EDWARD, stern in fable mail.
 Or wand'ring BRUTUS' lawless doom,
 Or brave BONDUCA, scourge of Rome.

O ever to sweet Poesie,
 Let me live true votary!
 She shall lead me by the hand,
 Queen of sweet smiles, and solace bland?
 She from her precious stores shall shed
 Ambrosial flowerets o'er my head :
 She, from my tender youthful cheek,
 Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,
 The secret and unpitied tear,
 Which still I drop in darkness drear.
 She shall be my blooming bride,
 With her, as years successive glide,
 I'll hold divinest dalliance,
 For ever rapt in holy trance.

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XX.

W I N T E R.

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN Chaos with imperial might,
 Rul'd the dreary realms of night,
 BOREAS from the outrageous north
 With his legions issuing forth,
 In a desert bleak and bare
 Met a damsel passing fair :
 Fair as in those ages seem'd ;
 Her eyes like livid lightening gleam'd,
 Her growling voice was heard afar
 Dread as the din of distant war :
 For then unknown the vermil dye,
 The rosy lip, the melting eye,
 The graceful shape, the expressive air
 That form the soul-subduing fair.
 Her AUSTER nam'd, the North embrac'd
 With lawless outrage : o'er the waste
 Whirlwinds with impetuous wing
 In triumph hail'd their new-born king :
 For WINTER from the rape arose,
 Ruler of frosts and king of snows.
 He o'er the storms of Chaos reign'd
 And long the sov'reign rule maintain'd,

Till from before the sapphire throne
 The potent blaze of beauty shone,
 And thro' the boundless void of night
 Incessant pour'd creative light.
 Then heavenly harmony was heard;
 And lo! the daedal earth appear'd;
 Hyperion flam'd with ruddy gold;
 Around him radiant planets roll'd:
 WINTER his ample power resign'd,
 And with three smiling seasons join'd,
 Who sprung from beauty's plastic ray,
 Reluctant holds alternate sway.

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XXI.

A B S E N C E.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

How clear the sky ! how soft the gale

Breathing along the dewy vale !

For lo ! the wintry winds are fled.

No more the stream at random strays,

But in its native channel plays :

And flowers enamel all the mead.

Even furious storms subside : but you

The plaintive measure still renew,

Of Helia's absence still complain.

Cease, tuneful Boy ! nor feed your woe ;

For absence may a cure bestow,

When sighs and tears and vows are vain.

Nay, heaven forbid your gentle heart

Should with the generous passion part,

Should cease to love and to admire.

The muse more liberal maxims knows :

And if she promises repose

'Tis by fulfilling your desire.

If e'er your melting suit inclin'd

Her fearful amiable mind,

Absence will wake the latent flames :

More than your soft persuasive tales,

Absence with magic power prevails,

And all her timid wildness tames.

Believe the muse : even now she glows,
 Feels and commiserates your woes :
 Her coyness gentle Love disarms.
 Surprize her with your amorous haste ;
 Go clasp her to your eager breast ;
 Possess her virtues and her charms.

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XXII.

THE DEATH OF ELA.

BY MR. RICHARDSON.

A N O D E.

SEE! the fierce storms engage :
 And lo! they rouse the river's rage.
 The angry flood, red, foamy, strong,
 Thro' broken rocks and rugged caves
 Roars deafening, wildly-tumbling raves,
 And boils and breaks the cavern'd cliffs among.

Beneath an aged oak
 Wide-waving from a rifted rock,
 ELA retir'd. Her wishful eyes
 The solitary heath explor'd ;
 And trembling as the torrent roar'd
 Her bosom heav'd with unremitting sighs.

" O when," she cry'd, " when shall I hear
 " My EDIN's joyful footsteps near ?
 " Or his soft accent in the gale ?
 " Could I his faithful dogs descry !
 " Or could I hear their jovial cry! —
 " Hasten, my EDIN, to the vale;
 " Night comes, and o'er the dreary waste
 " Sore sighs the spirit of the troubled blast."

The outcry of despair
 Rose from the torrent raging near.
 The prey of the voracious flood:
 Lifeless on boiling eddies borne
 Behold the lover dash'd and torne!—
 She runs, she flies, and frantic screams aloud.

“ My love, my love !” she cries.
 Alas! no gentle voice replies;
 But hoarse and deep the torrent roars.
 The lover, heedless of her woe,
 Grasp'd in his hand the slacken'd bow,
 Whirls round the rocks and rude-rebellowing shores.

Amid the impervious wild alone
 She pour'd her ineffectual moan:
 Far thro' the midnight storm 'twas heard:
 O rein, ye winds, your savage power;
 In pity spare the unshelter'd flower!
 Alas! when rosy morn appear'd,
 Extended on the mountain gray,
 A cold, wan corse, the beauteous ELA lay.

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XXIII.

EPITHALAMIUM

ON THE

MARRIAGES

OF HER GRACE

THE DUTCHESS OF ATHOL,

AND OF THE HONORABLE

MRS. GRAHAM OF BALGOWAN.

INSCRIBED TO LORD CATHCART.

BY THE SAME.

THE season smiled: the gentle airs of May
 Flew from the bosom of an argent cloud
 Wafting on downy wings prolific showers,
 And gladdening all the valley. Hills and groves
 Rung with wild melody: and every dale
 Shouted with joy. 'Twas then where Devon guides
 His winding current, in a verdant vale
 Lingered, with fond delay, and raptured all
 With the adornments of a cultured hill
 Laved by his wandering wave, the rural swains
 Beheld two Roses of illustrious stem
 Blushing with orient bloom. The morning dews
 Lay on their leaves impearling them. The gales

That fan the bosom of returning Spring,
And waft perfumes from her ambrosial hair,
Play'd with their waving foliage, and diffus'd
Their influence and enlivening odor bland.
No noisome weed was near them : and no shrub
Of noxious quality, with fast embrace
Twining insidious mid the tender shoots,
Empoisoned them. No fell-envenomed tooth
Of ravening insect in the sickly blast
Of Eurus wasted ; nor the tainting glance
Of stars malignant shot athwart them, scath'd
Their beauty. For a noble Shepherd rear'd
The lovely flowers ; he fostered them ; invok'd
The dews of heaven to water them ; invok'd
Favonian breezes to preserve them safe
From mildews, pestilential blights, and all
The infectious vapours of a feverish sky.
By him solicited the muses came,
The muses and the virtues : for they knew
His voice, had seen him at their altar oft
With pure oblation bend. They came, and wak'd
Those energies producing unperceiv'd.
But in the consequence and fair effect,
The power of pleasing. Lovely flowers ! they pleas'd
And bloomed, and smiled, unconscious of their bloom.
Yet were they praised, and tuneful voices oft
Published their praises. Many a wood-nymph wild
Hyed from her mossy arbour to admire
Their blazoned hue : and in the coral grove
Of Thetis, many a watry power extoll'd

Their soft-subduing virtues. Chiefly those
That from fantastic urns and fountains hid
In glimmering grottoes, or in caverned rocks
Pour tribute to the Devon, and increase
The pride of Forth. Even scientific Clyde
Ceased from his meditation, and refrain'd
From classic warblings, ravished with the meed
Bestowed on Devon and his peerless blooms.
Gay heard with extacy; and raptured Erne
Listened with fond attention.——
He that admired, and with due rites approach'd,
Transplanted them, and bade them grow beside
Your native streams, preserve them. Be assur'd,
Tis not their beauty and external grace
That solely will delight you. They have powers
And energies to bless your souls, to soothe
The anxieties of human life, to heal
The wounds inflicted by pursuing care,
To fill your breasts with heavenly fires, improve,
And dignify your natures. For I deem,
If right I read the mystic vision, now
In high effulgent coloring reveal'd
Auspicious by the muse, I deem from bowers
Of happiness, a spirit pure descends,
And visits them propitious, and imparts,
Even with maternal tenderness, imparts
Virtues of powerful efficacy. Soft
With dews of even, the blessed influence comes;
And often with the holy morning; ere
The gairish day her eastern window decks

With blazing beams; when solemn silence reigns,
 And the religious awful hour best suits
 The visit of ethereal guests. Receive,
 O ye so highly favored, aye receive
 Grateful that holy influence, and preserve
 Its energies entire; for they will last,
 And gain you favor, and procure you peace,
 Even at the dreary time when wintry winds
 Shall reave the valley of her roseat hues.

'Twas thus a swain uncouth in rustic guise,
 Warbling the measures of an oaten reed,
 Ventured to join a bridal pomp, and blest'd
 The fair occasion. Fain, with festive note
 And lyric extacy, would he have rais'd
 The various modulation, and have call'd
 On Cupid peradventure, and his band
 Of Smiles and Graces, from the Cyprian shore,
 To gladden the solemnity. The muse
 Rebuked his purpose. "Reckless swain," she cry'd,
 "Deem'st thou, where youth and beauty in the fan
 "Of Hymen worship, that the Paphian band
 "Are distant, or require thy bidding? Change
 "Thy simple thought, and with demeanor due
 "Tender thy gratulation." He obey'd,
 Duteous, as well becomed him, to the Power
 That often led him to the lonely wild,
 And visited his secret soul with dreams
 Effulgent, or with various-dittied notes.
 He yielded due obedience; but unskill'd
 In courtly blandishment, and fearful all,

By utterance unseemly, to offend
 Ears custom'd to more honied accents smooth'd
 In fashionable mode; with borrowed phrase
 Ambiguous, and allusion soft, he veil'd
 His mind in quaint disguisement. Gentle Dames!
 Erewhile ye list'ened, and with partial smile
 Approved his minstrelsy. Even now, he deems,
 Ye will accept his offering; for it flows
 Ardent, and bears the signature of truth.

XXIV.

O D E

TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the wood,
 Attendant on the spring!
 Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisie decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear:
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 When heaven is fill'd with music sweet
 Of birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wand'ring in the wood
 To pull the flowers so gay,
 Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
 And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
 Thou fly'st thy vocal vale,
 An annual guest; in other lands,
 Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,

Thy sky is ever clear ;

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,

No winter in thy year !

Could I fly, I'd fly with thee :

We'd make, with social wing,

Our annual visit o'er the globe,

Companions of the spring.

XXV.

THE COBLER.

WHY should the muse in high ambitious verse
 Sing the stern warrior, and the bloody plain?
 Why not the praise of industry rehearse,
 Its heart-felt pleasure, and laborious pain?
 In a small corner of yon narrow lane
 An humble habitation may you see;
 Its lonely window boasts no chrystal pane:
 O free from taxes may it ever be!
 Ask you who dwells within? why then step in and see

There lives a lowly wight, unknown to fame,
 Of doubtless merit he, howe'er obscure;
 That artist fly, whom we a Cobler name,
 For ever chearful, and for ever poor.
 Far from the precincts of his peaceful door
 Vexatious riches fly, and wasting sorrow;
 To-day is his; that he enjoys secure;
 And to the care of heaven commits to-morrow:
 Nor aught has he to lend, nor aught can think to

borrow.

He with the dawning of the early morn,
 What time the loud-pip'd cock unceasing crows,
 Brisk as the hunter at the sounding horn,
 Starts up in haste, and to his cell he goes:

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MODERN POEMS. 6,

Mid the keen piercing air his visage glows.
Is there no brandy then at my command?
Ah! spare, ye biting frosts, his helpless toes;
Nor mar the useful labours of his hand,
Else must my naked feet unwilling print the sand.

He rubs his hands a while, and down he sits;
The thread is twin'd; the wax along it flies;
Then to the last the patient shoe he fits,
And the sharp awl right cunningly he plies.
Meanwhile he listens to the tuneful cries
Of salt, of cabbage, or of fish to sell;
Or else some merry song doth he devise,
Which stories quaint of ancient times doth tell;
Or whistles as he works, pleas'd and contented well.

Ye restless imps, that run about the street,
Run without fear; 'tis needless to give o'er:
Kiss to the fire may freely set her feet;
Mother may scold; and what can she do more?
Whate'er is lost, the cobbler can restore;
Be it a heel, or should a seam be slit,
Or should a hole, burnt out, appear before,
There is an art which even that hole can fit:
Praising that worthy art: I sing the praise of it.

'Tis night; I see his dimly-glimm'ring lamp;
Like a faint star which through the fog doth shine,
As sickly flames oppress'd with vapours damp,
Its beams scarce reaching this abode of mine:

By it he sits, nor yet doth he repine——
 What dost thou mean, thou rash mischievous boy?
 Lay down that stone; that wicked wit of thine,
 Be gone with speed, and somewhere else employ;
 Let honest industry in peace itself enjoy.

But now the labour of the day is done;
 Nor without half-pence is his leathern purse:
 O sweet reward of toil! how fairly won!
 However little, got without a curse.
 So home he hies him, freely to disburse
 The earnings of the day in ale so brown;
 He thanks kind heaven that made his lot no worse;
 Then takes his drink, and lays him softly down;
 Nor wants a loving wife, his honest joys to crown.

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XXVI.

HUMANITY.

Humani nihil alienum.

TERENT.

AH me! how little knows the human heart,
 The pleasing task of soft'ning others woe,
 Stranger to joys that pity can impart,
 And tears sweet sympathy can teach to flow.

If e'er I've mourn'd my humble, lowly state,
 If e'er I've bow'd my knee at Fortune's shrine,
 If e'er a wish escap'd me to be great,
 The fervent prayer, *Humanity*, was thine.

Perish that man who hears the piteous tale
 Unmov'd, to whom the heart-felt glow's unknown;
 On whom the widow's plaints could ne'er prevail,
 Nor made the injur'd wretch's cause his own.

How little knows he the extatic joy,
 The thrilling bliss of chearing wan Despair!
 How little knows the pleasing, warm employ,
 That calls the grateful tribute of a tear!

The splendid dome, the vaulted roof to rear,
 The glare of pride and pomp, be, Grandeur, thine;
 To wipe from Misery's eye the wailing tear,
 And soothe the oppressed orphan's woes, be mine.

Be't mine the blush of modest worth to spare,
 To change to smiles Affliction's rising sigh,
 The kindred warmth of Charity to share,
 Till joy shall sparkle from the tear-fill'd eye.

Can the loud laugh, the mirth-inspiring bowl,
 The dance, or choral song, or jocund glee,
 Affect the glowing, sympathizing soul,
 Or warm the breast, *Humanity*, like thee?

The pallid coward's heart thou scorn'st to bear,
 Thy seat's the gen'rous bosom of the brave;
 The same bold warmth that bids the valiant dare,
 Bids him the trembling, prostrate victim save.

Not all the laurels on great Caesar's brow,
 Not all the honour Rome to pay him strove,
 Could such a glorious, deathless meed bestow
 As the fair wreath that meek-cy'd Mercy wove.

Shall murd'rous conquest point the path to fame?
 Shall scenes of ravage still employ the muse?
 And shall not tender Mercy have her claim?
 The palm to her shall still the song refuse?

Ah no! the prowess of the hero's sword,
 (When but to rapine and to waste confin'd)
 The shouts of triumph can no name afford,
 No title like **THE FATHER OF MANKIND.**

Young Ammon's, or the Swedish Charles's fame,
 May win the wonder of the unthinking croud,
 But Reason's sober voice shall still proclaim,
 "The paths to glory are not wet with blood."

To purge an impious, bold, offending race,
 The stagnate, poison-breeding air to cleanse,
 The indignant Father bids his wrath take place,
 A conquerer now, and now a whirlwind sends.

Relenting then, he bids the storms assuage,
 And lo a Titus or a Brunswick reigns;
 Justice and Mercy blest the happy age,
 And Peace and Plenty cheer the smiling plains.

XXVII.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

FIRST PUBLISHED BY MR. PERCY.

IT was a friar of orders gray
Walkt forth to tell his beades;
And he met with a lady faire
Clad in a pilgrime's weedes.

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see.

And how should I know your true love
From many another one?
O by his cockle hat, and staff,
And by his sandal shoone.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grafs turfe,
And at his heels a stone.

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Within these holy cloysters long
 He languisht, and he dyed,
 Lamenting of a ladyes love,
 And 'playning of her pride.

Here bore him barefac'd on his bier
 Six proper youths and tall,
 And many a tear bedew'd his grave
 Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!
 And art thou dead and gone!
 And didst thou dye for love of me!
 Break, cruel heart of stone!

O weep not, lady, weep not see;
 Some ghostly comfort seek:
 Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
 Ne teares bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
 My sorrow now reprove;
 For I have lost the sweetest youth,
 That e'er wan ladyes love.

And now, alas! for thy sad losse,
 I'll evermore weep and sigh;
 For thee I only wisht to live,
 For thee I wish to dye.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
 Thy sorrowe is in vaine:
 For violets pluckt the sweetest showers
 Will ne'er make grow againe.

Our joys as winged dreams doe flye,
 Why then should sorrow last?
 Since grief but aggravates thy losse,
 Grieve not for what is past.

O say not foe, thou holy friar;
 I pray thee, say not foe:
 For since my true-love dyed for mee,
 'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he ne'er come again?
 Will he ne'er come again?
 Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave;
 For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose;
 The comliest youth was he!—
 But he is dead and laid in his grave:
 Alas, and woe is me!

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever:
 One foot on sea and one on land,
 To one thing constant never.

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Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,

And left thee sad and heavy;

For young men ever were fickle found,

Since summer trees were leafy.

Now say not soe, thou holy friar,

I pray thee say not soe :

My love he had the truest heart :

O he was ever true !

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,

And didst thou dye for mee ?

Then farewell home ; for ever-more

A pilgrim I will bee.

At first upon my true-loves grave

My weary limbs I'll lay,

And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,

That wraps his breathless clay.

Stay, fair lady ; rest awhile

Beneath this cloyster wall :

For through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,

And drizzly rain doth fall.

Stay me not, thou holy friar ;

O stay me not I pray ;

For drizzly rain that falls on me,

Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
 And dry those pearly tears;
 For see beneath this gown of gray
 Thy owne true-love appears.

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeles love,
 These holy weeds I fought;
 And here amid these lonely walls
 To end my days I thought.

But haply for my year of grace
 Is not yet past away,
 Might I still hope to win thy love,
 No longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
 Once more unto my heart :
 For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
 We never more will part.

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XXVIII.

T H E H E R M I T.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,

“ And guide my lonely way

To where yon taper chears the vale

“ With hospitable ray.

For here, forlorn and lost I tread,

“ With fainting steps and slow,

Where wilds immeasurably spread

“ Seem lengthening as I go.”

Forbear, my son,” the Hermit cries,

“ To tempt the dangerous gloom,

For yonder faithless phantom flies

“ To lure thee to thy doom.

Here to the houseless child of Want

“ My door is open still ;

And tho’ my portion is but scant,

“ I give it with good will :

Then turn to-night, and freely share

“ Whate’er my cell bestows ;

My rushy couch, and frugal fare,

“ My blessing, and repose.

" No flocks that range the valley free
 " To slaughter I condemn ;
 " Taught by that Power that pities me,
 " I learn to pity them :

" But from the mountain's grassy side
 " A guiltless feast I bring ;
 " A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
 " And water from the spring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
 " All earth-born cares are gone :
 " Man wants but little here below,
 " Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from Heaven descends,
 His gentle accents fell ;
 The modest stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay,
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Requir'd a master's care ;
 The wicket opening with a latch
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.

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And now when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And chear'd his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily prest, and smil'd,
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
To soothe the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,
With answering care oppress'd :
And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
" The sorrows of thy breast ?

From better habitations spurn'd,
" Reluctant dost thou rove ?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
" Or unregarded love ?

" Alas ! the joys that fortune brings
 " Are trifling, and decay ;
 " And those who prize the paltry thing
 " More trifling still than they.

" And what is Friendship but a name,
 " A charm that lulls to sleep,
 " A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 " And leaves the wretch to weep ?

" And Love is still an emptier sound,
 " The modern fair-one's jest,
 " On earth unseen, or only found
 " To warm the turtles nest.

" For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
 " And spurn the sex," he said :
 But while he spoke, a rising blush
 His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpriz'd he sees new beauties rise,
 Swift mantling to the view,
 Like colours o'er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms,
 The lovely stranger stands confest
 A maid in all her charms.

" And ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
 " A wretch forlorn," she cry'd,
 " Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
 " Where Heaven and you reside.

" But let a maid thy pity share,
 " Whom Love has taught to stray ;
 " Who seeks for rest, but finds Despair
 " Companion of her way.

" My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
 " A wealthy Lord was he ;
 " And all his wealth was mark'd as mine ;
 " He had but only me.

" To win me from his tender arms
 " Unnumber'd suitors came ;
 " Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
 " And felt or feign'd a flame.

" Each hour a mercenary crowd
 " With richest proffers strove ;
 " Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
 " But never talk'd of love.

" In humble simplest habit clad,
 " No wealth or power had he ;
 " Wisdom and worth were all he had ;
 " But these were all to me.

- " The blossom opening to the day
 " The dews of heaven refin'd,
 " Could nought of purity display
 " To emulate his mind.
- " The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
 " With charms inconstant shine;
 " Their charms were his, but woe to me,
 " Their constancy was mine.
- " For still I try'd each fickle art,
 " Importunate and vain;
 " And while his passion touch'd my heart
 " I triumph'd in his pain;
- " Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 " He left me to my pride,
 " And sought a solitude forlorn.
 " In secret, where he died:
- " But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 " And well my life shall pay,
 " I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 " And stretch me where he lay—
- " And there forlorn, despairing hid,
 " I'll lay me down and die;
 " 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 " And so for him will I."

“Forbid it, Heaven !” the Hermit cry’d,
And clasp’d her to his breast;
The wondering fair one turn’d to chide;
’Twas Edwin’s self that prest.

Turn, Angelina, ever dear;
“ My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
“ Restor’d to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
“ And every care resign;
And shall we never, never part,
“ My life—my all that’s mine.

No, never, from this hour to part,
“ We’ll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
“ Shall break thy Edwin’s too.”

XXIX.

THE

DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

A TALE.

BY THE SAME.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
 Jack Book-worm led a college life;
 A fellowship at twenty-five
 Made him the happiest man alive;
 He drank his glass and crack'd his joke,
 And Freshmen wonder'd as he spoke:

Such pleasures unallay'd with care,
 Could any accident impair?
 Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix,
 Our swain arriv'd at thirty-six?
 O had the archer ne'er come down
 To ravage in a country town!
 Or Flavia been content to stop
 At triumphs in a Fleet street shop.
 O had her eyes forgot to blaze!
 Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze.
 O!——But let exclamation cease,
 Her presence banish'd all his peace.
 So with decorum all things carry'd;
 Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was——married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight,
The raptures of the bridal night ?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains clos'd around ?
Let it suffice, that each had charms;
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;
And, tho' she felt his usage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honey-moon like light'ning flew,
The second brought its transports too.
A third, a fourth were not amiss,
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss :
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay ;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face,
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace ;
But still the worst remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee ;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
She turns a flatterer or a belle :
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
Half naked at a ball or race ;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy night-caps wrap'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend ?

Could any curtain lectures bring
 To decency so fine a thing?
 In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
 By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
 Fond to be seen she kept a bevy
 Of powder'd coxcombs at her levy;
 The 'squire and captain took their stations,
 And twenty other near relations;
 Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
 A sigh in suffocating smoke;
 While all their hours were pass'd between
 Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known
 He thinks her features coarser grown;
 He fancies every vice she shews
 Or thins her lip, or points her nose:
 Whenever rage or envy rise,
 How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!
 He knows not how, but so it is,
 Her face is grown a knowing phyz;
 And, tho' her fops are wond'rous civil,
 He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd nooze,
 As each a different way pursues,
 While sullen or loquacious strife
 Promis'd to hold them on for life,
 That dire disease, whose ruthless power,
 Withers the beauty's transient flower:

Lo! the small pox, whose horrid glare,
 Levell'd its terrors at the fair;
 And, rising every youthful grace,
 Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
 Reflected now a perfect fright:
 Each former art she vainly tries
 To bring back lustre to her eyes.
 In vain she tries her paste and creams,
 To smooth her skin, or hide its seams;
 Her country beaux and city cousins,
 Covers no more; flew off by dozens:
 The squire himself was seen to yield,
 And even the captain quit the field.

Poor Madam now condemn'd to hack
 The rest of life with anxious Jack,
 Perceiving others fairly shewn
 Attempted pleasing him alone.
 Jack soon was dazzled to behold
 Her present face surpass the old;
 With modesty her cheeks are dy'd,
 Humility displaces pride,
 Her taudry finery is seen,
 No person ever neatly clean:
 No more presuming on her sway
 She learns good nature every day,
 Gently gay, and strict in duty,
 Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

XXX.

THE GIFT.

BY THE SAME.

SAY, cruel IRIS, pretty rake,
 Dear, mercenary beauty,
 What annual offering shall I make
 Expressive of my duty?
 My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
 Should I at once deliver,
 Say, would the angry fair one prize
 The gift, who slights the giver?
 A bill, a jewel, watch or toy
 My rivals give—and let them.
 If gems or gold impart a joy,
 I'll give them, when I get them.
 I'll give—but not the new-blown rose,
 Or rose-bud more in fashion:
 Such short-liv'd off'rings but disclose
 A transitory passion.
 I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
 Not less sincere than civil,
 I'll give thee—ah too charming maid!
 I'll give thee—to the devil.

XXXI.

THE HORSE AND THE OLIVE.

BY THE LATE ARCHDEACON PARNELL, NOT YET
PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

WITH moral tale let ancient wisdom move,
Whilst thus I sing to make the moderns wise;
Strong Neptune once with sage Minerva strove,
And rising Athens was the victor's prize.
By Neptune, Plutus (guardian power of gain),
By great Minerva, bright Apollo stood;
But Jove superior bade the side obtain,
Which best contriv'd to do the nation good.
When Neptune striking, from the parted ground
The warlike Horse came pawing on the plain,
And as it tost its mane, and pranc'd around,
By this he cries, I'll make the people reign.
The Goddess, smiling, gently bow'd her spear,
And rather thus they shall be blest'd she said;
Then upwards shooting in the vernal air,
With loaded boughs the fruitful Olive spread.

K 2

Jove saw what gift the rural powers design'd,
 And took the impartial scales, resolv'd to show,
 If greater bliss in warlike pomp we find,
 Or in the calm which peaceful times bestow.

On Neptune's part he plac'd victorious days,
 Gay trophies won, and fame extending wide;
 But plenty, safety, science, arts, and ease,
 Minerva's scale with greater weight supply'd.

Fierce war devours whom gentle peace would save;
 Sweet peace restores what angry war destroys;
 War made for peace, with what rewards the brave,
 While peace it's pleasures from itself enjoys.

Hence vanquish'd Neptune to the sea withdrew,
 Hence wise Minerva rul'd Athenian lands;
 Her Athens hence in arts and honours grew,
 And still her Olives deck pacific hands.

From fables thus disclos'd, a monarch's mind
 May form just rules to chuse the truly great,
 And subjects weary'd with distresses find,
 Whose kind endeavours most befriend the state.

Even Britain here may learn to place her love,
 If cities won, her kingdom's wealth have cost;
 If Anna's thoughts the patriot souls approve,
 Whose cares restore that wealth the wars had lost.

But if we ask, the moral to disclose,
Whom her best patroness Europa calls,
Great Anna's title no exception knows,
And unapply'd in this the fable falls.

With her nor Neptune or Minerva vies;
Whene'er she pleas'd, her troops to conquest flew:
Whene'er she pleases, peaceful times arise:
She gave the Horse, and gives the Olive too.

XXXII.

A TRUE TALE;

TO BE ADDED TO MR. GAY'S FABLES. SUPPOSED TO

BE WRITTEN BY DR. PARNELL.

A MOTHER who vast pleasure finds
 In modelling her children's minds,
 In midst of whom with great delight
 She passes many a winter night;
 Mingles in every play to find
 What bias Nature gave the mind.
 Resolving thence to take her aim
 To guide them to the realms of fame,
 And wisely make those realms the way
 To regions of eternal day;
 Each boisterous passion to controul,
 And early humanize the soul,
 In simple tales beside the fire,
 The noblest notions would inspire.
 Her offspring, conscious of her care,
 Transported hung around her chair.

Of Scripture Heroes she would tell,
 Whose names they'd list ere they could spell,
 Then the delighted Mother smiles,
 And shews the story on the tiles.
 At other times her themes would be
 The Sages of antiquity,

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Who left a deathless name behind,
By being blessings to their kind.

Studious to let her children know
The various turns of things below;
How Virtue here was oft distress'd,
To shine more glorious with the bless'd;
Told Tully's and the Gracchi's doom,
The patriot's and the pride of Rome;
Then bless'd the Drapier's happier fate,
Who sav'd, and lives to guard, the state.
Again she takes another scope,
And tells of Addison and Pope:
Steele's Comedies gave great delight,
And entertain'd them many a night.
Congreve could no admittance find,
Forbidden as poison to the mind:
That Author's wit and sense, says she,
But heighten'd his impiety.

This happy mother met one day
A book of Fables writ by Gay;
And told her children, here's a treasure,
A fund of wisdom and of pleasure!
Such morals, and so finely writ!
Such decency, good sense, and wit!
Well has the Poet found the art
To raise the mind and mend the heart.

Her fav'rite son the Author seiz'd,
And, as he read, seem'd highly pleas'd:
He made such reflections on each page,
The mother thought above his age:

Delighted read, but scarce was able
To finish the concluding fable.

What ails my child? the mother cries;
Whose sorrows now have fill'd your eyes?
Oh, dear Mamma, can he want friends,
Who writes for such exalted ends?
Oh base, degenerate human kind!
Had I a fortune to my mind,
Should Gay complain? But now, alas!
'Thro' what a world am I to pass!
Where Friendship is an empty name,
And merit scarcely paid in fame.
Resolv'd to lull his woes to rest,
She tells him, he should hope the best:
This has been yet his case, I own,
But now Augustus fills the throne.
Content that tender heart of thine,
He'll be the care of Caroline:
Who thus instructs the royal race
Can't fail of some distinguish'd place.

Mamma, if you were Queen, says he,
And such a book were writ for me,
I find 'tis so much to your taste,
That Gay would keep his coach at least.

My child, what you suppose is true,
I see its excellence in you.
Poets, who write to mend the mind,
A royal recompence should find:
But I am barr'd by Fortune's frowns
From the best privilege of Crowns.

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The glorious god-like power to bless,
And raise up merit in distress.

But, dear Mamma, I long to know,
Were you the Queen, what you'd bestow.
What I'd bestow? says she, my dear,
At least a thousand pounds a year.

XXXIII.

On throwing by an Old BLACK COAT.

OLD friend, farewell—with whom full many a day,
 In varied mirth and grief, hath roll'd away.
 No more thy form retains its sable dye,
 But, like gray beauty, palls upon the eye—
 That form which shone so late in fashion's bloom!
 How fall'n!—erewhile the glory of the loom!
 Late, wrapt secure within thy woollen folds,
 I brav'd the summer rains, and winter colds.
 Fearless of coughs, catarrhs, which Eurys brings,
 Or dark November, on his noisome wings,
 Whistling a tune, like Cymon in the song,
 Through filthy streets and lanes I've trudg'd along;
 Nor heeded aught the Hackney Coachman's cries,
 Though *coach your honour* sounded to the skies:
 And shall I then forget thy brighter hue,
 Sell thee a slave to yonder hoarse-mouth'd Jew?
 Forbid it gratitude—forbid it shame—
 That were a deed would blacken Clodio's name.
 Thou poor old man, whose brow is streak'd with care
 Stretch'd on the clay-cold earth, thy bosom bare,
 Had I but half that Clodio's shining store,
 Thy breast should heave with misery no more:
 Yet take the scanty pittance I bestow,
 This coat shall shield thee from the drifting snow.

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MODERN POEMS. 119

But ere we part—indulge the moral lay,
Hear it, ye fools, who flutter life away :
Vain are the rich man's toils, the proud man's brags,
Men turn to dust—and broad cloth turns to rags.

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XXXIV.

THE BEGGAR.

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Hor.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man !

Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh ! give relief---and Heaven will bless your store.

These tatter'd cloaths my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my length'ned years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,
Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road,
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the Fate of the infirm and poor !)
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial forc'd me from the door,
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh ! take me to your hospitable dome,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold !
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor---and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
 If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
 Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
 And tears of pity could not be repress.

Hor.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine?
 'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see:
 And your condition may be soon like mine,
 The child of sorrow—and of misery.

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ars;

A little farm was my paternal lot,
 Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn;
 But ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot,
 My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age!
 Stur'd by a villain from her native home,
 I cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
 And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care!
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
 All—ling'ring fell a victim to despair,
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.

)

d!

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!
 Those trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
 Those days are dwindled to the shortest span,
 Give relief—and Heaven will bless your store.

XXXV.

LOVE ELEGY.

BY DR. SMOLLETT.

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy!
 MONIMIA, give my soul her wonted rest;—
 Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
 Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
 With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour;
 Lead Beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,
 Or press her wanton in love's roseate bow'r.

For me, no more I'll range the empurpled mead,
 Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around;
 Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant shade,
 To hear the music of the grove resound.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
 Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
 Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
 And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew:

There leagu'd with hopeless anguish and despair,
 Awhile in silence o'er my fate repine;
 Then, with a long farewell to love and care,
 To kindred dust my weary limbs consign.

Wilt thou, MONIMIA, shed a gracious tear
 On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest?
 Wilt thou strew flowers, applaud my love sincere,
 And bid the turf lie light upon my breast!

XXXVL

S O N G.

BY THE SAME.

THEY fatal shafts unerring move,

I bow before thine altar, love;

I feel the soft resistless flame

Glide swift thro' all my vital frame.

For while I gaze, my bosom glows,

My blood in tides impetuous flows;

Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll,

And floods of transport overwhelm my soul.

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain

In soothing numbers to complain;

My tongue some secret magic ties,

My murmurs sink in broken sighs.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,

And ever drop the silent tear,

Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,

Unfriended live, unpity'd die.

L. 2.

XXXVII.

NEW-MARKET.

A SATIRE.

BY DR. THOMAS WARTON.

HIS country's hope, when now the blooming heir
 Has left the parent's, or the guardian's care;
 Fond to possess, yet eager to destroy,
 Of each vain youth, say, what's the darling joy?
 Of each fond frolic what the source and end,
 His sole and first ambition what?--to spend.

Some 'squites, to Gallia's cooks most dainty dupes,
 Melt manors in ragouts, or drown in soups:
 This coxcomb doats on fidlers, till he sees
 His mortgag'd mountains destitute of trees;
 Convinc'd too late, that modern strains can move,
 With mightier force than those of Greece, the grove
 In headless statues rich, and useless urns,
 Marmoreo from the classic tour returns;
 So poor the wretch of current coin, you'd laugh--
 He cares not---if his Caesars be but safe.
 Some tread the slippery paths of love's delights,
 These deal the cards, or shake the box at White's,
 To different pleasures different tastes incline,
 Nor the same sea receives the rushing swine.
 Tho' drunk alike with Circe's poisonous bowl,
 In separate skies the mimic monsters roll.

MODERN POEMS. 125

But would ye learn, ye leisure-loving 'squires,
How best ye may disgrace your prudent sires;
How soonest soar to fashionable shame;
Be damn'd at once to ruin---and to fame;
By hands of grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
O greatly dare to tread Olympic ground!
Where fam'd New-market spreads her tempting plain,
There let the chosen steed victorious strain;
Where not (as erst was sung in manly lays)
Men fly to different ends thro' different ways;
Thro' the same path, to the same goal ye run,
And are, at once, undoing and undone;
Forfeit, forget friends, honour, and estate,
Lose all at once---for what?---to win the plate:
All are betray'd, and all alike betray,
To your own beasts, Aëteon-like, a prey.

What dreams of conquest flush'd Hilario's breast,
When the good knight at last retir'd to rest!
Behold the youth with new-felt rapture mark
Each pleasing prospect of the spacious park;
That park, where beauties undisguis'd engage,
Those beauties less the work of art than age;
In simple state, where genuine nature wears
Her venerable dress of ancient years;
Where all the charms of chance with order meet,
The rude, the gay, the graceful and the great.
Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
And form dark groves, which druids might adore;
Pride and support of Britain's conquering cross,
Which distant ancestors saw crown'd with moss:

With meeting boughs, and deep'ning to the view,
 Here shoots the broad umbrageous avenue :
 Here various trees compose a chequer'd scene,
 Glowing in gay diversities of green :
 There the full stream, thro' intermingling glades,
 Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep cascades.
 Nor wants a hazle copse, or beechen lawn,
 To cheer with sun or shade the bounding fawn.

And see the good old seat, whose Gothic towers
 Awful emerge from yonder tufted bowers ;
 Whose raster'd hall the crowding tenants fed,
 And dealt to age and want their daily bread :
 Where garter'd knights, with peerless beauties join'd
 At high and solemn festivals have din'd ;
 Presenting oft fair virtue's shining task,
 In mystic pageantries, and moral masque.
 But vain all ancient praise, or boasts of birth,
 Vain all the palms of old heroic worth !
 At once a bankrupt, and a prosp'rous heir,
 Hilario bets---Park, house dissolve in air.
 With antique armour hung, high trophied rooms
 Descend to gamesters, prostitutes, and grooms.
 He sees his steel-clad fires, and mothers mild,
 Who bravely shook the lance, or sweetly smil'd,
 All the fair series of the whisker'd race,
 Whose pictur'd forms the stately gallery grace,
 Debas'd, abus'd, the price of ill-got gold,
 To deck some tavern vile, at auctions sold.
 The parish wonders at the unopening door,
 The chimnies blaze, the tables groan no more.

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Thick weeds around the untrodden courts arise,
And all the social scene in silence lies,
Himself, the loss politely to repair,
Turns atheist, fiddler, highwayman, or player.
At length, the scorn, the shame of man and God,
Is doom'd to rub the steeds that once he rode.

Ye rival youths, your golden hopes how vain,
Your dreams of thousands on the list'd plain!
Not more fantastic Sancho's airy course,
When madly mounted on the magic horse,
He pierc'd heaven's opening spheres with dazzled eyes,
And seem'd to soar in visionary skies.
Nor less, I ween, precarious is the meed,
Of young adventurers, on the muse's steed;
For poets have, like you, their destin'd round,
And ours is but a race on classic ground.

Long time, soft son of patrimonial ease,
Hippolitus had eat sirloins in peace:
Had quaff'd secure, unvex'd by toils or wife,
The mild October of a rural life:
Long liv'd with calm domestic conquests crown'd,
And kill'd his game on safe paternal ground.
As bland he puff'd the pipe o'er weekly news,
His bosom kindles with sublimer views.
Lo there, thy triumphs, Taaff, thy palms, Portmore,
Tempt him to reign the steed, and stake his store.
Like a new bruiser on Broughtonic sand,
Amid the lists our hero takes his stand;
Suck'd by the sharper, to the peer a prey,
He rolls his eyes that witness huge dismay.

When lo! the chance of one unlucky heat
 Strips him of game, strong beer, and sweet retreat.
 How awkward now he bears disgrace and dirt,
 Nor knows the poor's last refuge, to be pert.
 The shiftless beggar bears of ills the worst,
 At once with dullness, and with hunger curst.
 And feels the tasteless breast equestrian fires!
 And dwells such mighty rage in graver 'squires?

In all attempts, but for their country, bold,
 Britain, thy conscript counsellors behold;
 (For some perhaps, by fortune favour'd yet,
 May gain a borough, by a lucky bet,)
 Smit with the love of the laconic boot,
 The cap and wig succinct, the silken suit,
 Mere modern Phaetons usurp the reins,
 And scour in rival race New-market's plains.
 See side by side, the jockey and Sir John,
 Discuss the important point—of six to one.
 For oh, my muse, the deep-felt bliss how dear,
 How great the pride, to gain a jockey's ear!

See, like a routed host, with headlong pace,
 Thy members pour amid the mingling race!
 All ask, what crowds the tumults could produce—
 “Is Bedlam or the commons all broke loose?
 Such noise and nonsense, betting, damning, sinking,
 Such emphasis of oaths, and claret drinking!
 Like school-boys freed, they run as chance directs,
 Proud from a well-bred thing to risque their necks.
 The warrior's scar not half so graceful seems,
 As, at New-market, dislocated limbs.

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Thy sages here, amid the admiring croud
 Adjudge the stakes, most eloquently loud :
 With critic skill, o'er dubious bets preside,
 The low dispute, or kindle, or decide :
 All empty wisdom, and judicious prate,
 Of distanc'd horses, gravely fix the fate,
 Guide the nice conduct of a daring match,
 And o'er th'equestrian rights, with care paternal watch.

Mean time, no more the mimic patriots rise,
 To guard Britannia's honour, warm and wise :
 No more in senates dare assert her laws,
 Nor pour the bold debate in freedom's cause :
 Neglect the counsels of a sinking land,
 And know no rostrum, but New-market's stand.

Are these the sage directive powers design'd,
 With the nice search of a sagacious mind,
 In judgment's scales, the fate of realms to weigh,
 Britannia's interest, trade, and laws survey ?
 O say, when least their sapient schemes are crost,
 Or when a nation, or a match is lost ?
 Who dams and fires with more exactness trace,
 Than of their country's kings the sacred race :
 Think London journies are the worst of ills,
 And set their hands to articles for bills :
 Strangers to all historians sage relate,
 Their's are the memoirs of the equestrian state :
 Unskill'd in Albion's past and present views,
 Who Cheny's records for Rapin peruse.

Go on, brave youths, till, in some future age,
 Whips shall become the senatorial badge ;

Till England see her thronging senators
Meet all at Westminster, in boots and spurs;
See the whole house, with mutual frenzy mad,
Her patriots all in leathern breeches-clad;
Of bets, for taxes, learnedly debate,
And guide, with equal reins, a steed and state.

How would a virtuous Houhnhym neigh disdain,
To see his brethren brook the imperious rein;
Bear slav'ry's wanton whip, or galling goad,
Smoak thro' the glebe, or trace the destin'd road,
And robb'd of manhood by the murd'rous knife,
Sustain each sordid toil of servile life:
Yet oh, what rage would touch his gen'rous mind,
To see his sons of more than mortal kind;
A kind, with each ingenuous virtue blest,
That fills the prudent head, or valorous breast,
Afford diversion to that monster base,
That meanest spawn of man's half-monkey race;
In whom pride, avarice, ignorance conspire,
That hated animal, a Yahoo-'squire.

How are the adventurers of the British race
Chang'd from the chosen chiefs of ancient days;
Who, warm'd with genuine glory's honest thirst,
Divinely labour'd in the Pythian dust.
Their's was the wreath that lifted from the throng,
Their's was the Theban bard's recording song.
Mean time, to manly emulation blind,
Slaves to each vulgar vice that stains the mind,
Our British Therons issue to the race,
Of their own gen'rous coursers the disgrace.

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What tho' the grooms of Greece ne'er took the odds,
They won no bets---but then they soar'd to gods;
And more an Hiero's palm, a Pindar's ode,
Than all the united plates of George bestow'd.

Greece! how I kindle at thy magic name,
Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame.
Thy solemn scenes, and awful visions rise,
In ancient grace, before my musing eyes.
Here Sparta's sons in mute attention hang,
While sage Lycurgus pours the mild harangue;
There Xerxes' hosts, all pale with deadly fear,
Shrink at her fated hero's flashing spear.
Here, hung with many a lyre of silver string,
The laureat walks of sweet Ilissus' spring:
And lo where, rapt in beauty's heavenly dream,
Hoar Plato walks his oliv'd Academe.---

Yet ah! no more the seat of art and arms
Delights with wisdom, or with virtue warms.
Lo! the stern Turk, with more than Gothic rage,
Has blasted all the bays of ancient age;
No more her groves by sacred feet are trod,
Each Attic grace has left the lov'd abode.
Fallen is fair Greece! by luxury's pleasing bane
Seduc'd, she drags a barbarous foreign chain.

Britannia watch! O trim thy withering bays,
Remember thou hast rivall'd Graecia's praise,
Great nurse of works divine! yet oh! beware
Lest thou the fate of Greece, my country, share.
Recal thy wonted worth with conscious pride,
Thou too hast seen a Solon in a Hyde;

Hast bade thine Edwards and thine Henrys rear,
 With Spartan fortitude, the British spear;
 Alike hast seen thy sons deserve the meed,
 Or of the moral, or the martial deed.

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XXXVIII.

AN INCIDENT IN HIGH LIFE.

THE Bucks had din'd, and deep in council sat,
 Their wine was brilliant, but their wit grew flat.
 Up starts his Lordship, to the window flies,
 And lo, "A race, a race!" in rapture cries.
 "Where?" quoth Sir John—"Why, see two drops
 of rain
 "Start from the summit of the crystal pane:
 "A thousand pounds, which drop with nimblest force
 "Performs its current down the slipp'ry course."
 The betts were fix'd, in dire suspense they wait
 For victory, pendent on the nod of Fate.
 Now down the fash, unconscious of the prize,
 The bubbles roll like pearls from Chloe's eyes;
 But ah! the glitt'ring joys of life are short!
 How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport!
 So thus Attraction, by coercive laws,
 The approaching drops into one bubble draws;
 Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project cross'd:
 How hard their lot who neither won nor lost!

XXXIX.

O N S O L I T U D E.

LET others doat on gilded roofs of state,
 And court the joys a splendid world can give,
 Whilst I, retiring, seek some lone retreat,
 With thee, O heavenly Solitude, to live.

Far, far from courts and grandeur let me rove,
 And, like some sylvan power, delight to stray
 O'er verdant meads, and thro' the shady grove,
 Where artless shepherds tune the rural lay.

Then when the morn, descending towards the deep,
 Gleams a faint lustre o'er the dancing wave,
 High let me sit upon some craggy steep,
 Whose rocky sides the rising surges lave.

'Thro' some lone cloister, at the midnight hour,
 Oft let my solitary footsteps tread,
 And view the waste of time's all-conqu'ring power
 Amid the dreary mansions of the dead.

Or let me seek that desert wild retreat,
 Where Thracian Orpheus told his tale of woe;
 Or where of old proud Athens held her seat,
 And smooth Ilissus' silent waters flow.

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Or bear me to that fair Italian plain,
Where ancient Arno rolls his silver tide ;
Or those close shades where dwelt the Druid train,
On Mona's heights, or Snowdon's shaggy side.

Thus let me trace each solitary green,
And stray bewilder'd thro' each magic grove,
Till death at last shall shift this mortal scene,
And angels waft me to the seats above.

Then let no plumes adorn my fun'ral hearse,
No midnight torches gild the awful gloom,
No pompous strains of elegiac verse,
Nor monumental marble deck my tomb :

But where some baleful yew or cypress grows
In solemn silence let my urn be laid,
Beneath the spreading branches find repose,
And peaceful sleep among the silent dead.

XL.

E P I T A P H

FOR MR. WILLIAM HOGARTH.

ON A MONUMENT AT CHESWICK.

FAREWEL, great Painter of mankind,
 Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
 Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
 And thro' the eye correct the heart.

If thou hast genius, Reader, stay;
 If Nature touch thee, drop a tear;
 If neither move thee, turn away,
 For HOGARTH'S honour'd dust lies here.

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XLI.

THE LAWYER'S PRAYER.

ORDAIN'D to tread the thorny ground,
 Where few, I fear, are faithful found,
 Mine be the conscience void of blame,
 The upright heart, the spotless name,
 The tribute of the widow's prayer,
 The righted orphan's grateful tear;
 To Virtue and her friends a friend,
 Still may my voice the weak defend :
 Ne'er may my prostituted tongue
 Protect the oppressor in his wrong,
 Nor wrest the spirit of the laws
 To sanctify the villain's cause.
 Let others, with unsparing hand,
 Scatter their poison through the land ;
 Inflame dissension, kindle strife,
 And strew with ills the path of life.
 On such her gifts let Fortune shower,
 Add wealth to wealth, and power to power.
 On me may fav'ring Heaven bestow
 That peace which good men only know ;
 The joy of joys, by few possess'd,
 The eternal sunshine of the breast.
 Power, fame, and riches I resign ;
 The praise of honesty be mine ;
 That friends may weep, the worthy sigh,
 And poor men bless me when I die.

XLII.

S O N G.

A SHAPE alone let others prize,
 And features of the fair;
 I look for spirit in her eyes,
 And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, an iv'ry arm,
 Shall ne'er my wishes win,
 Give me an animated form,
 That speaks a mind within.

A soul where awful honour shines,
 Where sense and sweetness move,
 And angel innocence refines
 The tenderness of love.

With power to heighten ev'ry joy,
 The fiercest rage controul,
 Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
 And raptures thro' the soul.

These are the power of beauty's charms,
 Without whose vital aid,
 Unfinish'd all her beauty seems,
 And all her roses dead.

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But how divinely shines the form,
Where all these charms appear,
Then go behold my Anna's face,
And read them perfect there.

XLIII.

THE PARLIAMENT OF BEASTS.

A F A B L E.

SOMEWHERE ON one of Afric's plains,
 They say a certain lion reigns,
 Who, on a season sent for all
 The beasts into his royal hall;
 There at his bidding they repair'd,
 When thus the king his mind declar'd.

“ My lords and gentlemen, you know
 It is a long long while ago,
 Since last I call'd you to debate
 On the emergencies of state;
 The war in which we are engag'd
 Successfully as yet we've wag'd,
 Yet I must ask your farther aid,
 Our treasury is much decay'd,
 You must then ways and means devise,
 And speedily, to raise supplies.

He spoke; the beasts with loyal hearts
 Assur'd him they would do their parts;
 Nought should be wanting to make known
 Their ardour to defend the throne.

Now what to tax was the affair,
 It could be neither hides nor hair.

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What could it be ? the tyger rose,
The tyger would his thoughts disclose.
The subsidies requir'd, to raise,
Says he, there are not many ways.
Suppose you lay a tax on vice,
'T would fill the exchequer in a trice.
And in that case each of us still
Shall tax his neighbour, if you will.
Thus none (for who from fault is free ?)
Shall 'scape; do this, and trust to me.

Sir, quoth the elephant, your scheme
Is wild; indeed it is, you dream.
One tax the other's vices ! No,
A shorter, surer way to go,
Tax virtues, and let each declare
His own stock of 'em, 'tis but fair;
And you shall find, or I'm a dunce,
The exchequer will be fill'd at once.

XLIV.

THE

DEDICATION OF A FOUNTAIN.

A MASK OF SHEPHERDS.

IN IMITATION OF RONSARD.

BY MR. JONES.

CHIEF SHEPHERD.

SHEPHERDS, on other banks your flocks may play;
 Here native pearls enrich the velvet lawn,
 And lillies opening to the morning ray
 On their smooth cups reflect the purple dawn.

Chorus, divide: give voice to every reed;
 See, on the level green your silent sheep
 Crop the wild thyme, and near the riv'let feed,
 While the hush'd gales in April's bosom sleep.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Fountain, for ever may thy chrystal stream
 O'er many an em'rald, many a diamond flow,
 May amethysts, and opal's varied gleam
 Smile on thy sands, and in thy waters grow.

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SEMI-CHORUS.

Ye spangled gold-fish, may no branch be roll'd
On the green herbage, where in shoals you play;
May no rude water-snake with sinuous fold
Wind through your haunts, or on this margin stray.

SEMI-CHORUS.

No cane, nor flag, nor pointed rush shall grow
On this fair brink, where silver jessamine,
And orange-flowers, and spicy balsams blow,
And sweet musk-roses knit in am'rous twine.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Drop not thy tears, old willow, in this brook,
Ye fowls with glossy plumage sport not here,
And thou, O angler, whirl thy barbed hook
In the wide river, or a lake less clear.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Sweet Zephyr, gentle gale, Aurora's child,
That court'st in od'rous vales the smiling Spring,
Sport on this stream; and with soft dalliance mild
Bathe in the wanton fount thy silken wing.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Sweet Breeze, that wanton'st in the thistle's beard,
Or o'er the ripen'd citron's golden cheek,
Thro' these fair wood-walks may thy voice be heard,
Among these damask flowers thy Jacinth seek.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Ye green-eyed frogs, that near the purling spring,
Couch'd on the moss, of lowering skies complain,
Near other streams your ancient jargon sing,
The milder Naiads hate so harsh a strain.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Adder, and asp, and toad with brazen eye,
 In yon' dark defart find some hateful cell,
 Blind flow-worm, and thou, four-wing'd dragon-fly,
 Near other fountains, other flow'rets dwell.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Sad Philomel her night-song warbles here,
 And the shrill Black-bird with its yellow bill,
 The Gold-finch chirps its sylvan carols near,
 And the sweet Wood-lark tunes its trembling quill.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Daughter of air, sweet Echo, that unseen
 In the smooth concave of thy secret shell,
 Lead'st the night-wand'rer o'er the chequer'd green,
 Amid these verdant arbours ever dwell.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Ye Dryads, that within the poplar's bark
 Strike heavenly lutes, and join the nymphs-dance,
 Leave for this rill your dreary mansion dark,
 And gliding thro' the passive air advance.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Ye Water-nymphs, and sisters of the wood,
 Bask on these flowers, and on this border play,
 And hand in hand encircling round the flood,
 Dance to the Moon-beams till the dawning day.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Eye of the day, O Sun, whose beaming light
 Flies and pursues by turns the scatter'd gloom,
 Shine here, that no hoar-frost, mil-dew, or blight
 Cockle the shrubs, and curl the shrivel'd bloom.

MODERN POEMS. 143

SEMI-CHORUS.

Moon, o'er these groves, and o'er this fountain pass,
Night's arbitress, pale regent of the streams,
Here shed thy dew, and in this wat'ry glass,
Admire thy arching horns and silver beams.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Star-light, when humming gnats and rear-mice rude
Sport wildly flutt'ring in thy glimm'ring ray,
And the gray mist glides twisting o'er the wood,
Sleep on this brook, and on the surface play.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Now, sacred Stream, this Vase of sparkling wine,
Crown'd to thy name with chearful hand we fill,
So may thy charms in our wild carols shine
More splendid than Blandusia's glassy Rill.

CHIEF SHEPHERD:

Swains, pipe no more: but let our lambs be pent;
Now crimson evening paints the tufted greaves*,
Night's tapers dance along the firmament,
And cooler breezes fan the rustling leaves.

Early at blush of dawn, a fresher band
To many an harp and many a flute shall play,
And sing and wanton o'er the flowery land,
Till the pale Crescent shed her trembling ray.

* Old for groves.

XLV.

MADNESS.

BY MR. PENROSE.

SWELL the clarion, sweep the string,
Blow into rage the muse's fires!

All thy answers, Echo, bring,
Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,
'Tis Madness self inspires.

Hail, awful Madness, hail!
Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,
Far as the voyager spreads his 'ventrous sail.
Nor best nor wisest are exempt from thee;
Folly——Folly's only free.

Hark!——to the astonish'd ear
The gale conveys a strange tumultuous sound.

They now approach, they now appear,——
Phrenzy leads her chorus near,
And demons dance around.——

Pride——Ambition idly vain,
Revenge, and Malice swell her train,——
Devotion warp'd——Affection crost——
Hope in Disappointment lost——

And injur'd Merit with a downcast eye,
(Hurt by Neglect) slow stalking heedless by.

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Loud the shouts of Madness rise,
 Various voices, various cries,—
 Mirth unmeaning—causeless moans,
 Bursts of laughter,—heart-felt groans—
 All seem to pierce the skies.——

Rough as the wintry wave, that roars
 On Thule's desert shores,—
 Wild raving to the unfeeling air,
 The fetter'd Maniac foams along,
 (Rage the burthen of his jarring song)
 In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his streaming
 hair,

No pleasing memory left—forgotten quite
 All former scenes of dear delight,
 Connubial love—parental joy—
 No sympathies like these his soul employ.
 —But all is dark within, all furious black despair.

Not so the love-lorn maid,
 By too much tenderness betray'd;
 Her gentle-breast no angry passion fires,
 But slighted vows possess, and fainting soft desires.

She yet retains her wonted flame,
 All—but in reason, still the same:—

Streaming eyes,

Incessant sighs,

Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,
 Point out to pity's tears, the poor distracted fair.
 Dead to the world—her fondest wishes crost,
 She mourns herself thus early lost.—

Now, sadly gay, of sorrows past she sings,
 Now, pensive, ruminates unutterable things.
 She starts—she flies—who dares so rude
 On her sequestrate steps intrude?
 'Tis he—the Momus of the flighty train—
 Merry mischief fills his brain
 Blanket-rob'd, and antic-crown'd,
 The mimic monarch skips around;
 Big with conceit of dignity he smiles,
 And plots his frolics quaint, and unsuspected wiles.—

Laughter was there—but mark that groan,
 Drawn from the inmost soul!
 “Give the knife, demons, or the poison'd bowl,
 “To finish miseries equal to your own.”—

Who's this wretch, with horror wild?
 —'Tis Devotion's ruin'd child.—
 Sunk in the emphasis of grief,
 Nor can he feel, nor dares he ask relief.—

Thou, fair Religion, was design'd,
 Duteous daughter of the skies,
 To warm and cheer the human mind,
 To make men happy, good, and wise.

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To point, where sits in love array'd
Attentive to each suppliant call,
The God of universal aid,
The God the Father of us all.

First shewn by thee, thus glow'd the gracious scene,
'Till Superstition, fiend of woe,
Bade doubts to rise, and tears to flow,
And spread deep shades our view and heaven between.

Drawn by her pencil the Creator stands,
(His beams of mercy thrown aside)
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
And hurling vengeance wide.

Hope, at the frown aghast, yet ling'ring, flies,
And dash'd on Terror's rocks, Faith's best dependance
lies.

But ah!—too thick thy croud—too close thy throng,
Objects of pity and affright!——

Spare farther the descriptive song——

Nature shudders at the sight.——

Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,

But o'er the hapless group low drop Compassion's veil.

XLVI.

HYMN TO INDUSTRY.

BY MR. RYAN.

MILD the southern breezes play,
And on their downy wings convey
The vivifying April shower
Kind nourisher of herb and flower.
Gay in the morning of the year,
Blooming, of animated air,
On every hill and valley green,
Now active Industry is seen.

Her tresses gracefully confin'd
Ne'er frolic with the wanton wind:
Simply in russet vesture dress'd;
No lilies languish on her breast.
Remote from oriental plains
Where Pan with sauntering shepherds reigns,
Where amaranths for ever bloom
Yielding the zephyr soft perfume,
In climes that flaky snows adorn
Was Industry, meek goddess, born.
Remote in northern regions wild
From Wisdom sprung the smiling child:
Fell Want her sire; a wight severe,
His brow still character'd with care:
Who long in many a barren vale
Pour'd rueful his incessant wail,

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Till the appointed era rose,
 The destin'd period of his woes,
 When shedding fast the filial tear
 Compassionate his offspring fair,
 With heavenly light, her mother's boon,
 Benignly on his bosom shone.
 She shone—the extacies of joy
 Were kindled in his grateful eye:
 She shone—and all the flinty field
 With lenient herbs and blossoms smil'd.

Where'er thy jovial steps are seen,
 Goddess of animated mien,
 Gay Hope, a youth in prime of years,
 Aye sportive at thy side appears,
 And clad in rainbow loose array,
 With budding roses strews thy way.
 Contentment too, of sparkling eye,
 And ruddy hue, is ever nigh:
 A wood-nymph whose alluring smile
 Can Care's collected frown beguile,
 And artlessly, with accents smooth,
 His wrath and menac'd terrors sooth.

Inventive Power! to thee we owe
 The rural arts, the furrowing plow,
 The vineyard, and the cultur'd field,
 The happiness our harvests yield,
 The reapers song, the autumnal feast,
 With health and temperance duly blest'd.
 From thee we have the kindly roof,
 When winter rages, tempest proof;

The cheerful board, the blazing hearth,
And rural hospitable mirth.

Inventive Power, to thee we owe
The swelling sail, the ventrous prow,
That boldly stems the impetuous tides,
And o'er the billowy ocean rides.
O be thy praise for ever sung!
From thee bold Independence sprung.
Aspiring high thy spirit broke
The bondage of the feudal yoke:
Bade man his native powers exert,
His high prerogatives assert,
And scorn and reprobate the lore
That justifies despotic power.
The Gothic lords beheld with pain,
Thy navies bounding o'er the main,
With pain thy thriving cities saw,
And progress of thy equal law,
Nor dar'd thy influence oppose,
For bright thy radiant star arose:
And Independence came confest
Redoubted champion of the west.

Inventive Power, to thee we owe
The rural arts, the ventrous prow:
O be thy praise for ever sung!
From thee bold Independence sprung.

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XLVII.

THE

FAIR PENITENT.

AN ELEGIAC BALLAD.

YE mountains so dreary and dread,
 To whom I so often repair,
 In pity fall down on my head,
 And snatch me at once from despair.
 In mercy, ye skies, to my woes,
 Let your thunders avengingly roll,
 And death kindly hush to repose
 The Ætna that bursts on my soul.
 Twelve moons have I scarcely been wed,
 And honour'd with Beverly's name;
 Yet how has the conjugal bed
 Been steep'd in pollution and shame!
 To the fondest and worthiest youth,
 All spotted and perjur'd I stand;
 And this ring, which once swore to my truth,
 Now deadens, thro' guilt, on my hand.

Perdition quick fall on the hour
 That first I saw Clerimont's face,
 And fatally gave him a power
 To plunge me in endless disgrace.

From Time's swiftly silvering wing
 This instant O let it be torn;
 And pluck from remembrance a sting,
 Too bitter by far to be borne.

Once white as the moon's purest ray,
 This bosom could consciously heave;
 Despise every thought to betray,
 And detest every wish to deceive.

Once crown'd with contentment and rest,
 My days held the happiest race;
 And the night saw me equally blest,
 In my Beverly's honest embrace.

But now, one continued disguise,
 I'm hackney'd in falsehood and art;
 And teach every glance of my eyes
 To conceal every wish of my heart.

To meet with poor Beverly's kiss,
 What transport appears in my air!
 Tho' his breast, once the pillow of bliss,
 Swells only with death and despair.

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If a look is by accident caught,
 I'm fill'd with a thousand alarms;
 And Clerimont fires every thought,
 When I melt e'en in Beverly's arms.

Great Ruler of all things above,
 Whom Father of Mercies we deem,
 Let duty direct me to love
 Where reason compells my esteem.

Yet how to thy throne shall I run;
 For pardon, how can I exclaim;
 When every renewal of sun
 Beholds a renewal of shame!

Nay, now while the guilt I detest,
 My conscience so dreadfully wrings;
 This Clerimont grows on my breast,
 And insensibly twists round the strings.

Distraction, this instant repair,
 And seize the least atom of brain;
 For nature no longer can bear
 This incredible fulness of pain!

Let Mercy employ its own time,
 I dare not look upward that way;
 For unless I desist from my crime,
 'Tis blasphemy surely to pray.

XLVIII.

SYMPTOMS OF LOVE.

BY MISS AIKEN.

COME here fond youth, whoe'er thou be
 That boasts to love as well as me,
 And if thy breast have felt so wide a wound,
 Come hither and thy flame approve;
 I'll teach thee what it is to love,
 And by what marks true passion may be found.

It is to be all bath'd in tears,
 To live upon a smile for years,
 To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet;
 To kneel, to languish and implore,
 And still tho' she disdain, adore;
 It is to do all this and think thy sufferings sweet.

It is to gaze upon her eyes
 With eager joy and fond surprize,
 Yet temper'd with such chaste and awful fear
 As wretches feel who wait their doom;
 Nor must one ruder thought presume
 Tho' but in whispers breath'd, to meet her ear.

It is to hope, tho' hope were lost,
 Tho' heaven and earth thy passion cross;
 Tho' she were bright as sainted queens above,

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And thou the least and meanest swain
That folds his flock upon the plain,
Yet if thou dar'st not hope, thou dost not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears,
To nurse strange doubts and groundless fears;
If pangs of jealousy thou hast not prov'd,
'Tho' she were fonder and more true
Than any nymph old poets drew,
Oh never dream again that thou hast lov'd.

If when the darling maid is gone,
Thou dost not seek to be alone,
Wrapt in a pleasing trance of tender woe;
And muse, and fold thy languid arms,
Feeding thy fancy on her charms,
Thou dost not love, for love is nourish'd so.

If any hopes thy bosom share
But those which love has planted there,
Or any cares but his thy breast enthrall,
Thou never yet his power hast known;
Love sits on a despotic throne,
And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

Now if thou art so lost a thing,
Here all thy tender sorrows bring,
And prove whose patience longest can endure;
We'll strive whose fancy shall be lost
In dreams of fondest passion most,
For if thou thus hast lov'd, oh! never hope a cure.

XLIX.

TABLE-TALK.

A FRAGMENT.

Written in the Year 1747.

"BUT, Sir, if these accounts are true,
 The Dutch have mighty things in view;
 The Austrians—I admire French beans,
 Dear Ma'em, above all sorts of greens,—
 They say the Prussian schemes are quash'd—
 Oh Ma'em, 'tis admirably hash'd—
 Some pepper—and I hear Argyle—
 A little vinegar and oil—
 But that, perhaps, is all a jest, Sir—
 Ma'em, which you please—which you like best, Sir,—
 I think green pease—if understood
 The grand duke's schemes—are lovely good—
 Mix'd, Mr. John—will humble France—
 Sir, your good health—but that's a chance—
 Miss Harriot's vastly grown, Ma'em—why,
 So her papa thinks—Mrs. Fry
 Is out of patience—Ma'em, a piece
 Of sturgeon—with her little niece,
 They're both year's children—John, some bread—
 But Harriot's taller by the head—

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She came from school, stay let me see,
 I think 'twas—almond flummery,
 Venture to taste it, Mr. Sear—
 The night that Garrick play'd King Lear.
 Oh, I remember!—Dearest Ma'em, let
 Me help you—when he acted Hamlet—
 My sister Ashburnham had on
 Her pink and silver—Hark'ee, John—
 And some rude rabble from the gallery—
 The soup tastes delicate of celery—
 Threw God knows what upon her sleeve—
 She's got it out, Ma'em, I perceive.—
 Oh, no, Ma'em she was forc'd to buy
 (Your humble servant, Dr. Dry)
 A whole new breadth—we had such sport—
 Of Mrs. Vokes in Old Round court.
 Dear Mrs. Chatwell, have you heard—
 To me a teal's a better bird—
 How Mrs. Branche's cause goes on?
 A little water Mr. John
 O! Mrs. Branche! I can't abide her—
 Pray, Mr. James, a glass of cyder—
 Some say—a little butter mix'd
 With capers—she is so unfix'd,
 She can't—eats most delightful in it—
 Continue in a mind one minute.—
 No! carp, Ma'em, is—and so we see—
 Above all sorts of fish to me—
 A triflingness—you knew Tom's wife—
 In every action of her life—

Tom Branche's wife I knew—another
 Potatoe, if you please—and mother.
 His mother—Mr. Oldham speaks,
 John, don't you hear?—within three weeks
 After—these eggs I always poach—
 Was overturn'd in York stage-coach—
 And Mrs. Mixon, as for her—
 Miss, your good health, Ma'em; yours, good Sir,—
 She went to Perth—poor soul, it cry'd
 And ran to me—and there she dy'd—
 Poor little soul! Ma'em, some of those—
 And did it hurt its little nose!
 Yes, Ma'em, it bled—I chuse a wing,
 Sir, you are quite—like any thing.
 But, Doctor, if the noble duke—
 Take out that skew'r there to the cook—
 Should trounce Monsieur, I'm bold to say—
 A little sweet-bread, Mrs. Day—
 'That 'tis impossible the Dutch—
 Ma'em, if you please, not quite so much—
 Refuse to assist—Yes, Ma'em, but spices
 Improve it vastly—at this crisis—
 Good gracious! He's a dreadful jobster—
 Ma'em, I prefer one inch of lobster—
 He piec'd my habit all in dabs—
 At any time to twenty crabs—
 Oh! I'd forgot—they're lovely rabbits,
 Dear Ma'em!—but now you mention habits,
 Miss Drawbridge—Your good health, Miss Perkin—
 Has got the fearful'st frightful'st jerkin,

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It look'd so tarnish'd and so old—
 Miss Jewkes, I hope you've caught no cold—
 No, not at all, Ma'em—Fetch the cheese in—
 Snuff always did set me a sneezing—
 The association's form'd we hear—
 John, mix a little ale and beer—
 Why, really, Ma'em,—your health, Miss Bayes—
 Folks talk on't many different ways—
 Tho' 'tis a case that I'm no judge in—
 Ma'em, I'm prodigious fond of gudgeon—
 But apt to prate—they're fine stew'd pears—
 At such a juncture of affairs.

Dear Ma'em, you've heard how 'Squire Bodling—
 My daughter Ford admires a codling—
 It rain'd so dreadfully could not go,
 He and Miss James, and Mrs. Sloe,
 So far as Tewkesbury last week—
 Sure, John, you heard Miss Idle speak!—
 You saw Miss Drawbridge, Ma'em, last Sunday?
 Yes, Ma'em, I did! and Mrs. Monday
 Had lost her parrot—Pray, Ma'em, how?
 I really, Ma'em, can't tell, I vow
 I pity'd the poor creature's fate—
 Give Mrs. Dykes a china plate—
 But poor Miss Drawbridge will run wild—
 No, Ma'em, our cream is always boil'd—
 For our part, Ma'em, I can't but say
 We all—make haste and take away—
 Are mighty fond of slip-slops—bring
 The wine and fruits—Ma'em, Church and King—

Miss, shall I help you? Sir, I beg—
 Sir, there's enough—Ma'em, sister Peg
 Is well, but George has hurt his leg :
 My aunt was in a veh'ment fright—
 His left leg, Ma'em—No, Ma'em, his right—
 Poor Master Georgy!—Ma'em, I hope—
 Nō, Ma'em, he's with my uncle Cope,
 And is as lively and as brisk
 As—Ma'em, do you chuse a game at Whisk?

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EDWIN AND EMMA.

BY MR. MALLET.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
 Fast by a sheltering wood,
 The safe retreat of health and peace,
 An humble cottage stood.
 There beauteous EMMA flourish'd fair
 Beneath a mother's eye,
 Whose only wish on earth was now
 To see her blest, and die.
 The softest blush that nature spreads
 Gave colour to her cheek;
 Such orient colour smiles thro' heaven
 When May's sweet mornings break.
 Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
 This charmer of the plain;
 That sun which bids their diamond blaze,
 To deck our lilly deigns.
 Long had she fir'd each youth with love,
 Each maiden with despair;
 And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
 Yet knew not she was fair.
 Till EDWIN came, the pride of swains,
 A soul that knew no art,
 And from whose eyes serenely mild,
 Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
 Was quickly too reveal'd;
 For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
 Which virtue keeps conceal'd.
 What happy hours of heartfelt bliss,
 Did love on both bestow!
 But bliss too mighty long to last,
 Where fortune proves a foe.
 His sister who like envy form'd,
 Like her in mischief joy'd,
 To work them harm, with wicked skill
 Each darker art employ'd.
 The father too, a sordid man,
 Who love nor pity knew,
 Was all unfeeling as the rock
 From whence his riches grew.
 Long had he seen their mutual flame,
 And seen it long unmov'd;
 Then with a father's frown at last,
 He sternly disapprov'd.
 In EDWIN's gentle heart a war
 Of differing passions strove;
 His heart which durst not disobey,
 Yet could not cease to love.
 Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
 The spreading hawthorn crept,
 To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
 Where EMMA walk'd and wept.
 Oft too in Stanemore's wintry waste,
 Beneath the moonlight shade,

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In sighs to pour his soften'd soul
 The midnight mourner stray'd.
 His cheeks, where love with beauty glow'd,
 A deadly pale o'ercast;
 So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
 Before the northern blast.
 The parents now, with late remorse,
 Hung o'er his dying bed,
 And weary'd heaven with fruitless prayers,
 And fruitless sorrows shed.
 'Tis past, he cry'd, but, if your souls
 Sweet mercy yet can move,
 Let these dim eyes once more behold
 What they must ever love.
 She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
 And bath'd with many a tear;
 Fast falling o'er the primrose pale
 So morning dews appear. 5
 But oh! his sister's jealous care
 (A cruel sister she!)
 Forbade what EMMA came to say,
 My EDWIN, live for me.
 Now homeward as she hopeless went,
 The church-yard path along,
 The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd,
 Her lover's fun'ral song.
 Amid the falling gloom of night,
 Her startling fancy found
 In every bush his hovering shade,
 His groan in every sound,

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd

The visionary vale,

When lo ! the death-bell smote her ear,

Sad founding in the gale.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling steps,

Her aged mother's door ;

He's gone, she cry'd, and I shall see

That angel face no more.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart

Beat high against my side :

From her white arm down sunk her head,

She shiver'd, sigh'd, and died.

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O D E.

BY CAPTAIN PETRIE*.

NOT like the rooted plants that grow
 On Tweed's green bank or Cheviot's brow;
 Is man's immortal soul;
 Where'er the Almighty's plastic hand
 His billows rolls, or spreads his land,
 It flies from pole to pole:
 Not slumb'ring in the vale of peace,
 In selfish and inglorious ease,
 Delights the nobler mind:
 Whoe'er aspires to laurel'd deeds,
 Like † Forbes lives, or ‡ Grenville bleeds,
 The servant of Mankind.

* This gentleman was born in the north of Scotland, had his education at the Marshal College in Aberdeen, and recommended himself, singly by his own merit, to the late D. of Montague, master of the Ordnance, who honoured him with his favour and friendship.

† Lord President of the Court of Session in Scotland.

‡ Captain Grenville.

Let not warm-blooded youth be found
In Pleasure's flowery fetters bound,

Or Sloth's enchanted bed :

The temples rev'rend Time hath snow'd,
The forehead Public Toil hath plow'd,

Claim and adorn a shade.

Whether I freeze in Belgian snow,

Or in Barbadoes summer glow,

Avaunt each partial care!

Still let me various nature scan,

The world's my home, my brother man,

And God is every where.

But let me wander, let me dwell

In camps, in cities, or a cell,

O Genius of the Lyre!

Be present still, with Attic strains,

To wake my pleasures, sooth my pains,

And moral lays inspire.

My friend! not all the seas that roar

'Twixt Albion's hills and India's shore,

Our twin-hearts e'er disjoin'd;

Nightly by old $\S$ Cephifus' streams,

Enraptur'd with Platonic dreams,

I meet your tuneful mind.

$\S$ One of the rivers on which Athens stood, where
formerly was the *Academy*.

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LII.

A D I R G E.

Bow the head thou lily fair,
 Bow the head in mournful guise;
 Sickly turn thy shining white,
 Bend thy stalk and never rise.

Shed thy leaves thou lovely rose,
 Shed thy leaves so sweet and gay;
 Spread them wide on the cold earth,
 Quickly let them fade away.

Fragrant woodbine all untwine,
 All untwine from yonder bower;
 Drag thy branches on the ground,
 Stain with dust each tender flower.

For, woe is me! the gentle knot,
 That did in willing durance bind
 My EMMA and her happy swain,
 By cruel death is now untwin'd.

l, where

Her head with dim half-closed eyes,
 Is bowed upon her breast of snow;
 And cold and faded are those cheeks,
 That wont with chearful red to glow.

And mute is that harmonious voice,
That wont to breathe the sounds of love;
And lifeless are those beauteous limbs,
That with such ease and grace did move.

And I of all my blefs bereft,
Lonely and sad must ever moan;
Dead to each joy the world can give,
Alive to memory alone.

LIII.

E P I G R A M.

CRIES NED to his neighbours, as onward they prest,
Conveying his wife to her place of long rest,
“Take, friends, I beseech you, a little more leisure,
“For why should we thus, make a toil of a pleasure.”

LIV.

E P I T A P H.

ON AN INDOLENT MAN.

HERE lies JOHN THOMSON, reader stay,
And if thou can’st, pray weep.
He doz’d an idle life away,
And then—fell fast asleep.

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LV.

T O L I F E.

WHAT art thou life, so courted by mankind,
 What are the pleasures of thy happiest day ?
 A gaudy meteor dancing on the wind,
 Admir'd while fleeting like the smoke away.
 Is then existence deem'd so great a good,
 That every thought of death should teem with dread,
 Even to the wretch depriv'd of friend and food,
 Who wrings from charity his bitter bread ?
 Is it that man attempts with eager clasp,
 To hold the present, doubtful of his doom;
 Implores respite at his latest gasp,
 And shock'd with horror at the yawning tomb ?
 The restless monarch, toss'd in storms of state,
 Begs the continuance of his regal toil :
 The lab'ring hind implores a longer date,
 Tho' doom'd with sweating brow to till the soil.
 The laurel'd chief, train'd up in war's alarms,
 Prompt in th'ensanguin'd field to yield his breath;
 Yet, lull'd in peace and bless'd with beauty's charms,
 Begins to tremble at the approach of death.
 Alike the vigorous youth and blooming maid,
 Aghast, behold the grisly king advance;
 The hoary sire and hag with eild decay'd,
 Shrink from the blow and tremble at his lance.

172 MODERN POEMS.

But happy he whom conscious virtue gives
 A soul serene, a firm, undaunted mind;
 In hope secure, contentedly he lives;
 And when his fate demands him, dies resign'd.

E P I T A P H

ON A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

BY MR. RYAN.

HERE DAPHNIS lies, to sudden death a prey,
 Rest in the morning of his life away,
 Gay without folly, serious not severe,
 In feeling exquisite, in judging clear,
 His soul flew hence, for mortals too refin'd,
 And gain'd, in heaven, associates of his kind.



E P I T A P H

ON A YOUNG LADY.

BY THE SAME.

HERE PHOEBE's ashes in the dust are laid;
 To heaven, her home the spotless spirit fled:
 There to rejoice, and suffer pain no more.—
 But we have lost her, and our loss deplore:
 For she was gentle, modest, peerless fair!—
 Ye who love merit—ye will shed a tear.

T H E E N D.

d.